

The TATLER

Vol. CLI. No. 1966.

London
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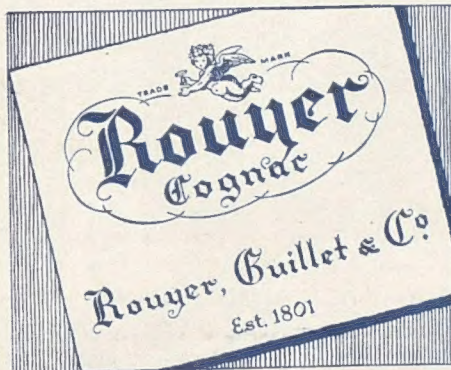
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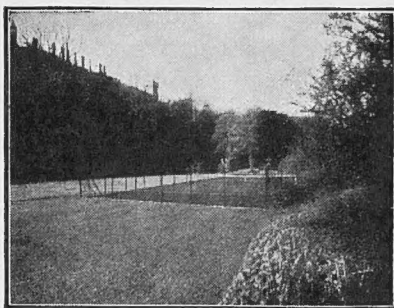


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to the late
King George V

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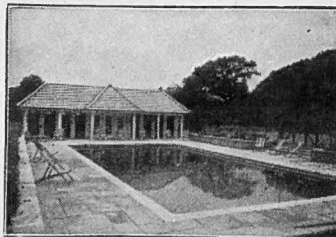
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The TATTLER

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Marcus Adams, Dover Street

H.R.H. PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGO-SLAVIA AND HER SONS —PRINCE ALEXANDER AND PRINCE NICHOLAS

A recently taken portrait of the sister of H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent, who is at present in Belgrade, and the Consort of the Prince Regent for the young King Petar, who was only born in 1923 and does not come of age till 1941. Both the sons of Prince and Princess Paul of Yugo-Slavia are being educated in England; Prince Alexander being at Eton, where he went in 1937, and Prince Nicholas is still at his private school, Sandroyd. There is another member of T.R.H.'s family, a baby daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, a more or less recent arrival



THE HON. MRS. EDWARD PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE AND FAMILY

Bassano

A photograph taken at Palace House, Beaulieu. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie was the widow of the second Lord Montagu of Beaulieu when she married Lord Radnor's brother in 1936. Her five children, in order of seniority, are the Hon. Anne Scott-Montagu, a débutante of this season, the Hon. Caroline Scott-Montagu, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the Hon. Mary Scott-Montagu and Robin Pleydell-Bouverie, who was born in 1937. Commander the Hon. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, R.N. is the Commander of His Majesty's yacht *Victoria and Albert*.

THE English station sandwich is a stock joke, but the American drug store sandwich apparently pains and surprises no one except this writer who, nevertheless, finds drug stores infinitely congenial, especially at Miami where there is a reckless atmosphere of spree comparable with Brighton, my favourite watering-place, with the possible exception of Portobello which is to Edinburgh what Coney Island is to New York and Miami to superior millionairier Miami Beach—a vulgarian's paradise, full of try-your-weight machines and oumph. It is no fun going to Miami as distinct from Miami Beach (where "Fred" and "Bea" Sigrist have a house party, and a yacht tied to the bottom of their garden) unless you know your Damon Runyon. For example, I slunk into a drug store feeling noticeably Christian, and asked in a mock American accent for the evening paper at a counter where bathing belles on postcards said "Meet me in Miami" monotonously, and postage stamps were stuck together on account of the humid climate, and all the answer I get is "Scatters not down yet, kid," which puts me in good humour being called a kid and so I take a table over by the soda fountain to be cooler and a light haired doll says, "What's your order," and all the citizens who



LADY BRADFORD

Harlip

Who will be experiencing all that a not so quiet wedding entails for the bride's mother, when Lady Anne Bridgeman marries Lord Cowdray—at present in America in charge of the British polo team. Lord Bradford's decorative wife, one of the most hospitable of Shropshire hostesses, is the eldest sister of two other notable personalities, Lady Rosebery and Lady Digby

And the World Said—



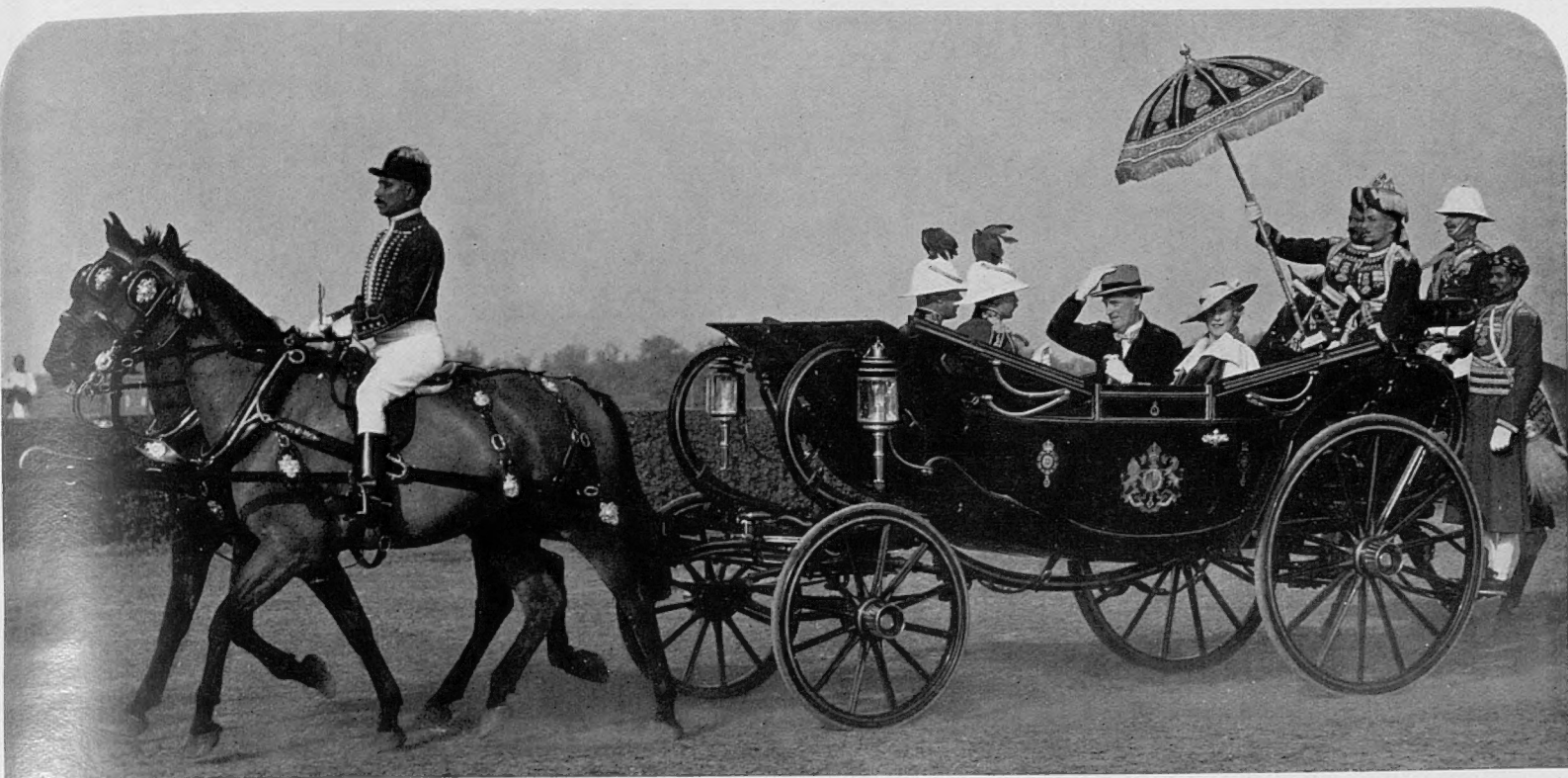
PALM BEACH BY NIGHT

Mrs. Charles Harrington Chadwick, of Chicago (owner of the Villa Today, at Palm Beach and the Aujourd'hui, at Antibes), at the Everglades Club with Captain the Hon. Jack Mitford, Lord Redesdale's brother, and Mr. Harry Marsh, of New York and Lake Wales, Fla., who rented Warwick Castle for many years. They were awaiting the start of the backgammon tournament which takes place weekly in this distinguished and exclusive club

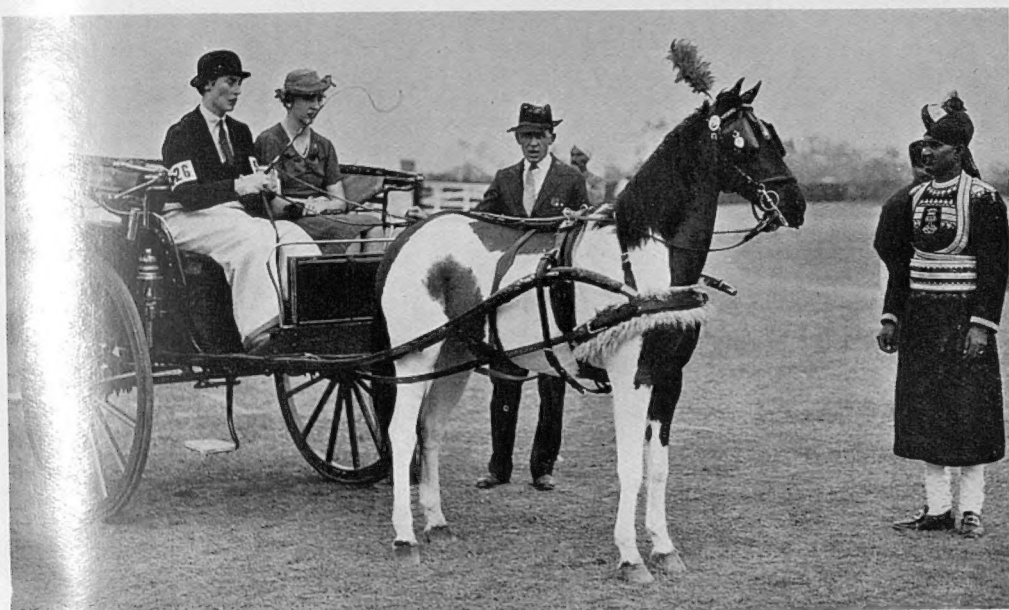
are eating their orders with iced tea and milk shakes look round nosily to see what is my order and faced with stone-crab sandwich or hot beef sandwich I forget the temperature is rising eighty and recall that the Roast Beef of Old England Makes Us What We Are Today (not a drop of Munich beer in the place), so she brings enough for three stockbrokers, fenced with fancy ketchups and mash, a lettuce leaf laid daintily on top, and I am expected to eat all this and like it, which causes me to brood a bit so I get round to remembering an Edwardian eater who used to visit Scotland whether he was asked or not. Having gobbled three or four courses he would declare, through white walruses, with purple gills quivering, "I can't eat kickshaws, bring me some cold ham." The eats at Hialeah Park, which has been even further improved by an approach avenue of magnificent royal palms (or did I have dust in my eyes two seasons ago?) are excellent. So are all the amenities

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THE VICEROY AND LADY LINLITHGOW'S
STATE ARRIVAL AT THE DELHI HORSE SHOW



LADY JOAN AND LADY DOREEN HOPE, WITH
"DOMINO," SECOND IN THE SINGLE HARNESS CLASS,
(ON RIGHT) LORD JOHN HOPE AND LADY ANNE HOPE,
WHO ALSO COMPETED



"MOLLY," WINNER IN THE
CHILDREN'S HACK CLASS



Held in the champagne air of the Indian cold weather, this great show is ever a tremendous attraction in a land where the horse is not yet a museum piece. The weather is so good that it goes to the heads of everyone, the horses included. This year was no exception to the rule, and with active Viceregal support in the entry list, and in person, much lustre naturally was added. Lord and Lady Linlithgow's arrival is pictured at the top of the page. This happens, whether at Delhi, or on the racecourse in Calcutta on Viceroy's Cup Day, under escort of one of the best-turned-out cavalry escorts in the world, the Viceroy's Bodyguard. Their Excellencies' family managed in some instances to win, Lady Joan Hope getting a second in the Single Harness Class. Lady Doreen Hope, her sister, is joint-Master of the Delhi Hounds and the whole family were well known with the Linlithgow and Stirling before going to India. Lord John Hope, the Viceroy's younger son, is in the Scots Guards reserve. The winner in the Children's Hack Class is owned by Farrier Lance-Sergeant Hetherington, who had every reason to be proud of his excellent little jockey.

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Ultimatum for Peace

AFTER seeing *The Dawn Patrol* at the Warner Theatre I have come to the final and lasting conclusion that there can no longer be any excuse for anybody sentimentalizing about war. I have done it myself, and I am now ashamed of it. I have long been trying to hold that, whereas what one might call the business end of war was the vilest torture which the mind of man can know, the preparation and training for it constituted in all normal cases the happiest time of a man's life. In something which was intended to be a war book I once wrote as follows: "There are occasions when the least introspective of us must take stock of his sentimental position. An evening on Salisbury Plain in war-time is one of them. Men are here from all ends of the Empire for all sorts of reasons. Some for the 'sweet punishment of their enemies,' some that they may be 'honourably avenged,' some for the adventure, some through the loss of their jobs, some hating it, some unutterably bored, many inspired, a few who will never find their feet, but not one, so far as I can gather, who would turn back if he could. 'Man comes into life to seek and find his sufficient beauty, to serve it, to win and increase it, to fight for it, to face anything and bear anything for it, counting death as nothing so long as the dying eyes still turn to it. And fear and dullness and indolence and appetite—which indeed are no more than fear's three crippled brothers—who make ambushes and creep by night, are against him, to delay him, to hold him off, to hamper and beguile and kill him in that quest.' This is neither Ecclesiastes nor yet Bunyan, but a great living novelist. This passage seems to me to be worthy to be printed on a little card and served out to every soldier with his pay-book. Each of us here surely has his 'sufficient beauty.' It may be a family tie or a grand passion, an art or a friendship, a religion or even an ideal of politics. At the last it may be love of country. What each man's 'sufficient beauty' may be, it is no man's business to enquire. Enough that each man here is ready to fight and to face and to dare for it, and is already putting dullness and fear, appetite and indolence behind him. . . ."

When I wrote this passage I believed every word of it. But what, pray, has it to do with lying in the open with one or more bullets through one's stomach? What has it to do with the ghastly sacrifices of "green kids" of seventeen that continue in merciless batches throughout the course of this devastating new film? Mr. Desmond MacCarthy was trying hard to see all round the subject when he wrote: "No treatment of the war could satisfy which did not treat it as the most abominable calamity; at the same time, no treatment would be true which ignored the noble qualities it called into existence, or the emotions worth having it created; precious unstable relationships, moments of blazing exaltation, halcyon moments of rest and gaiety, of profound and easy affection. Yet, having written even that sentence, true though it is, one feels the meanness of glorying in a cross which others have borne." Under the direct influence of this shattering film, a film which brings to a head everything that recent events have forced us into thinking about modern warfare, I now desire to recant and to declare that both Mr. MacCarthy and myself have, so to speak, been talking through our brass hats, and that I am by far the guiltier party. I also apologize to Mr. Wells for dragging his exquisite peace-time ethics into a wartime argument. Speaking strictly for myself in this matter, I now clearly see that in those appalling four years of blood-spilling abroad and agony at home, my own little temporary pleasure in being shaken out of a peace-time rut is of negligible account, and that a taste of the front line, which came the way of a million similar but less fortunate cases, would there and then have blown the nostalgic nonsense out of me. I should not in that case have had to wait twenty years for this film finally to do the same for me!

During the last war Arnold Bennett made the plea that the most gruesome particulars as to what really happens



CLAUDETTE COLBERT CONTEMPLATES THE PLUNGE

Her latest picture, which she has made for Paramount called *Midnight*, has not yet reached our screens. In it she takes the part of an American show girl, with whose romantic entanglements the plot is mainly concerned. Also acting with her are Francis Lederer, after a long absence from the screen, and John and Elaine Barrymore. Her last picture, *Zaza*, had a mixed reception from the various London critics

in battle should be published as widely as possible. He maintained, and I agree with him, that if war is ever to be stopped at all, it can only come through the realization of every man, woman, and child of what it really is and entails. How many people ever spare a thought to the fact that there are war-victims still living today whose injuries are such that their relatives have never been allowed to see them? Do all of us always realize that there are hundreds of thousands of parents in this country who are still deeply bereaved, and who can only feebly expostulate at the fervour of grandchildren now old enough to go and be as wastefully sacrificed as were their fathers? *The Dawn Patrol*, which unsparingly exposes the evil and the waste and the futility of war, will obviously be a very great popular success, and I am becoming cynical enough to imagine that this will be for quite the wrong reasons.

Its flying aces with dirty faces are played by Messrs. Errol Flynn, David Niven, and Basil Rathbone, and there is a great amount of thrilling raiding and bombing. I am sorry to seem so bitter, but I have a strong suspicion that it is the flying that is going to attract our young men to this film, and the good looks far more than the beautifully sincere playing of the actors which is going to attract our young women. And I doubt if the film's urgent warning is going to be heeded by any film-goers under forty. They will all of them be far too busy weeping delicious tears at the final crashing of Mr. Flynn to observe the amazing connotations of that last salute which he gives to the pilot who shoots him down, or to note that the enemy returns it.

"And for what?" says the adjutant at the end of this film. "What has all these deaths accomplished—so many fine chaps that have died in this war and are going to die in future wars?" The film closes on this note, and I walked straight out into Leicester Square and saw on the poster of a London evening paper the words: "6,000 MORE MEN FOR R.A.F." J.A.

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THE BRIGADE OF

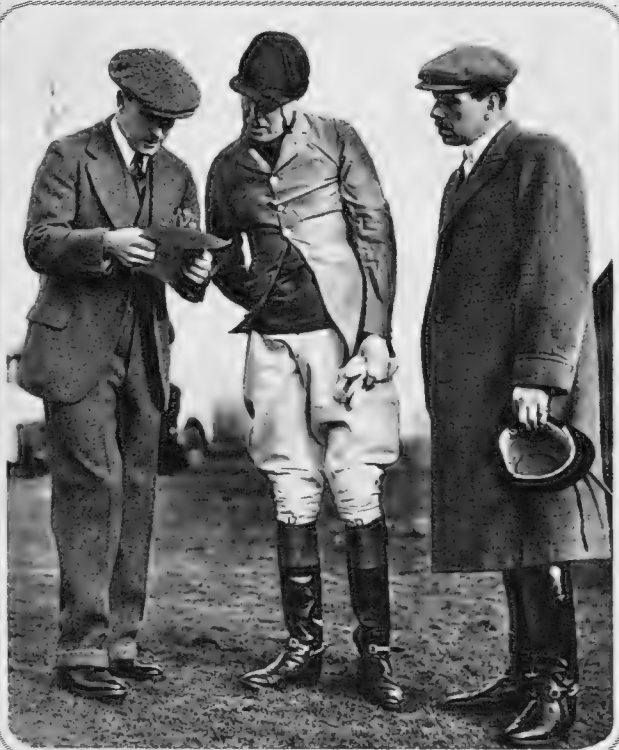
GUARDS POINT-TO-POINT



MISS CECILY BORWICK, MR. PAT HANBURY,
AND THE HON. HENRY ALLSOPP



MISS POLE-CAREW VERY BUSY



MAJOR-GEN. THORNE, COL. FOX-PITT,
AND SIR ALEXANDER STANIER



LADY STANIER AND MRS. W. R. WEST
BEFORE THE FRAY



SIR JOHN AIRD AND LADY
PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY



MRS. MICHAEL WEST AND
CAPTAIN P. H. FLOWER

This annual and internecine battle was fought out over a nice line at Pillerton Priors on the Stratford side of the Warwickshire country, and after it had been won by Sir John Pigott-Brown, 2nd Coldstream, everyone went on to Radway to have a day with the incomparable Warwickshire hounds. The winner evaded the camera, but the runner-up, Mr. Pat Hanbury (Grenadiers), who was beaten on his own Politician, is seen at the top talking to Miss Cecily Borwick, daughter of "Peach" and a granddaughter of "Bay" Middleton, and to the Hon. Henry Allsopp (Coldstream), her "affianced." Sir John Aird (Grenadiers) finished fourth in the big field of 22, and he, again, is with his future bride, hard-riding and polo-playing Lady Priscilla Willoughby. Colonel Fox-Pitt is O.C. the regiment, and regimental District, Welsh Guards, and Sir Alexander Stanier is the senior Major in the regiment—for very charming wife see another picture. Major-General Thorne, in the same group, has commanded the Brigade of Guards since 1938, and is a Grenadier with a most distinguished war record. Mrs. W. R. West, of Alscot Park, is Lady Dunwich's sister

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Just Beneath the Surface.

THE other day I had to visit one of the larger hospitals which are to be found in every big town up and down the country. Once again I was struck by the really awesome fact of how a few steps over a threshold will suddenly transport you into another world. Outside the hospital everybody was going about their daily affairs, laughing, chatting; inside, the dreadful realisation of how much pain, anguish and fear lie just beneath the surface of seemingly placid, every-day existence. Scarcely further than a handshake, in fact, separated one who lay facing the end of everything in his human world from another who was gaily shopping, or gossiping with a friend, or brightly doing nothing very much. And then the thought struck me once more how thin is the veneer which covers an individual, making him totally different, in reality, from the one you see and believe you know; indeed, how life itself is lived by all of us on two different planes at one and the same time. The cruel, the uglier side, so cleverly covered up by a technique of play-acting which has become second nature to us all, and is only to be pierced when we are off our guard or facing some tremendous crisis in our lives. Only then is the truth, and nothing but the truth, revealed. Rather like a spring woodland scene, where, outwardly, all is peaceful, serene, and beautiful, but yet, and all the time, beneath this heavenly appearance there is being waged a perpetual war of life upon other lives, a tooth for a tooth and a claw for a claw. Thus, while the poet rhapsodises the mightier are devouring their weaker prey—their prey, simply because they happen to be weaker. And which is reality: the poet's rhapsody, or the sweep of the hawk on the sparrow, or both? Is one the let's pretend, which alone makes life worth living? And is the other life itself—a cruel, often bestial thing, whose cruelty and bestiality is nevertheless necessary for the continuance of existence? Were all our innermost thoughts revealed; were all our reactions, mental and physical known, none of us—no, not one—would appear as we would like to appear before those who love us, even as we like to appear before ourselves! Yet, both the good and the evil are *us*, deny it as we will. Like the façade of a row of houses, which make such a brave show of good appearance in the front, but which are often so dingy and sordid when viewed from the backyard. Maybe civilisation is merely the superior technique of hiding the ugliness in human nature and in human life? And yet it needs so very little to disturb this outwardly civilised veneer. A war, a quarrel, a vaulting ambition, an evil tongue are all that are required.

Every time one opens a newspaper a strand from the thread of this submerged horror is revealed. It is there all the time, living out its furtive, hidden existence, and only coming to the surface during some emotional provocation. And it is this furtive, hidden existence which sways man's fate far more potently than the purer ideals to which too often he gives merely lip-service. And thus, to give but one universal example, after nearly two thousand years of Christianity we live on the verge of war! But the causes which bring about wars are duplicated in a million ways in the causes which bring about sorrow and heartbreak, poverty and despair in ordinary every-day life; and no man or woman exists who has not, consciously or unconsciously, played his part at some time or another in bringing about this sorrow. For, in human nature itself, there is always this undercurrent of evil, which is often held in check only so long as the chances are that it cannot reveal itself and, at the same time, get away with it in safety. And just as there is always this under-current of evil, so in every life there is the under-current of a totally different existence from the one which must be play-acted before the world, if the world has to go on undisturbed by our presence in it. It always amuses me to watch people herded together, each one conforming to a kind of universal pattern, knowing, at the same time, that each one is within himself leading another existence altogether—the pattern of which is as disturbing as the struggle to achieve it is insistent. So inwardly, thus outwardly. Not only does one half of the world not know how the other half lives, but it does not know what is going on within the mind and heart of people living in the same house. Even lovers are only one for a moment, and that



Lenart

THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. SIR WILLIAM COX, D.S.O.

Sir William was joint Vice-Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers, and his sudden and untimely death is not only a loss but a personal grief to those who served with and under him on these papers. A gallant and capable soldier, he served with distinction in the Gunners during the war till he was invalided out badly wounded in 1917. This serious spinal wound undoubtedly contributed to his early death

moment meaningless in its unimportance. They unclasp from a mutual embrace—strangers still.

Mr. Somerset Maugham's new novel, "Christmas Holiday" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is the story of a young man who, within the brief space of a week-end in Paris, suddenly stepped into a world of which, previously, he had no notion, except, metaphorically, from the long, long distance of hearsay. Nevertheless, it was at his elbow all the time. Because of this experience he returned to the world he knew as a man who had suddenly lost the security of a spiritual foothold. His parents were well-to-do, kindly folk, cultured, in rather a self-conscious way, and broad-minded even about those things of which they had no personal knowledge. Charley Mason was their only son. As a treat for having worked so well in his father's business, his father excused him the usual too-too-jolly family gathering at Christmas and sent him to Paris with a sum of money with which to do what he liked, so long as he had a good time. With people in the Masons' position of life-experience, and in Charley's own attitude of mind, Paris meant only one thing, and a good time—girls. In Paris he knew a journalist who had been with him at Cambridge, though they had drifted apart since. Simon was the enemy of all Christian sentimentalities and chastity, so he had become a revolutionary of the blindly hating political faith. He was all for dragging the mightier from whatever seat, high or lowlier, they happened to be sitting upon, and for putting the seatless in their place, himself in one of the loftier positions. It was his firm belief that things, in the long run, would all be vastly improved—though the have-nots are only the haves waiting their turn to play the same part, as everyone knows who has observed the once had-nots become haves. (When the individual has become a fair-sharer, then we may expect the Millennium.)

Charley's first night with Simon was spent in a smart brothel. It was here Charley met a girl who, for professional purposes, posed as a Russian princess. In reality she was a young Russian, the wife of a young Frenchman who was living out his sentence in a French penal settlement for the murder of an English bookmaker. He was a young black-guard, hidden behind a veneer of personal good-nature and charm. The story is really the story of this scamp and his association with Olga, their love and marriage, his narrow

(Continued on page 380)

IN QUEST OF THE SPRING SALMON



O'Brien
MAJOR THE HON. A. V. AGAR-ROBARTES
 FISHING THE BLACKWATER

BLACK POOL, AN ANGLER'S PARADISE ON THE DART

Keen anglers say that the prospects for the fishing season are bright, but, probably owing to the recent very bad weather, results have so far been generally below expectation. The three photographs on this page come from England, Ireland and Scotland. The first is that spot so well known to West Country anglers, Black Pool, on the River Dart, near Holne Chase, which is on the upper reaches. Some very fine fish have been taken out of that Pool in past years; quite comparable in size with fish from more famous waters. Lord Clifden's younger brother, Major A. V. Agar-Robartes, was out recently on the River Blackwater, at Careysville, near Fermoy, Co. Cork, from where it is reported fish are very plentiful and in excellent condition. Lady Pollington has been staying with her father, Captain Fletcher of Saltoun, who has again taken the lower reaches of the River Spey for the spring salmon-fishing. It is signalled that results have not been good so far on this renowned river, but are gradually improving



Sutherland
VISCOUNTESS POLLINGTON ON THE
 GORDON CASTLE WATER OF THE SPEY

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

escape from the guillotine, and her love for him, faithful even in the face of his cruel, evil qualities. So that she believed that, by degrading herself, she was somehow or other expiating his crime. It is a tale so sordid, so tragic, so awful, that it comes to Charley, brought up in the comfortable, drably domestic circumstances of a conventional English family, as a revelation—a sudden knowledge of life which is stunning in its effect. Though, for the time he was in Paris, he shared the same room with this Russian girl their association was purely platonic. Even if he had had any desire for her—and, sexually, she didn't appeal to him very powerfully—the life-story she had to tell was so pitiful that it froze all desire for greater intimacy. They parted friends, but the experience changed Charley from a young man with a "boy's" outlook into a man for whom the grimness of



LORD DUNSANY—IRELAND'S PREMIER
POET AND PLAYWRIGHT

There is a strong rumour that Lord Dunsany may be invited to take the place of the late Mr. W. B. Yeats as Director of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and this may be confirmed before this picture and its companion below see the light of day. Some of Lord Dunsany's most attractive work has been produced at the Abbey Theatre, and in the above picture he is alleged to be hard at work on his next play, the scene of which, so they say, will be laid in Ireland in an old castle on the moors. The author poet is said to be fond of quill pens and the picture somewhat suggests this fact. They say he cuts them himself

life just beneath the surface would for ever afterwards make the life he led at home with his family something unreal and rather futile and just a little tawdry.

No wonder, when he returned home and found that his parents believed that he had had an affair with some "tart," and hoped the experience would be good for his character, and their conversation was all about Cousin This and Cousin That, and how they had all spent a jolly family Christmas, he felt that "only one thing had happened to him: it was rather curious when you came to think of it, and he just didn't quite know what to do about it; the bottom had fallen out of his world." This, of course, is only a brief outline of a story which grips the imagination almost from the start—a story told in all Somerset Maugham's uncanny way of revealing a whole character, a whole scene, in a few lines. It is not only intensely interesting, but, as a picture of life, it means something beyond being a good story, brilliantly told.

Thoughts from "Christmas Holiday."

"The young are intolerant, and when you talk common sense to them, are only too apt to think you an old humbug."

"There's nothing that teaches you what you are, like being alone in the world, a stranger everywhere, and living all your life with people to whom you mean nothing."

"Rest, peace, silence, solitude. You would think they were luxuries that only the very rich can afford, and yet they cost nothing. Strange that they should be so hard to come by."

"Of course, charm is an invaluable quality, but it doesn't often go with nerve and self-possession."

"The essence of man is egoism. Egoism is at once his strength and his weakness."

A Very Pleasant Story.

In Muriel Hine's new novel, "A Great Adventure" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), we are nicely snuggled into the kind of English household of which Mr. and Mrs. Mason in Somerset Maugham's story are typical, but now, alas! are only remnants in these days. In the 'eighties and 'nineties of last century, however, they were common to every village. As the story itself is laid in the eighteen-nineties it is also rather like a pleasant, socially historical chronicle. And if you are elderly you will realise how true the picture is. Its plot is purely domestic, but always interesting, without being exciting. It concerns the home and family life of an architect and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Henty, and their two delightful children, with cousins and in-laws to make up the pleasantly domestic scene. And as each character is well-drawn, one is interested and amused by them all the time. Mr. Henty had been a bit wild in his youth. His father had sent him to Australia to make good, but he had made nothing at all, lost what he had, and returned a wiser young man—which was, at least, some gain. When he entered his father's office as junior partner he married and settled down—that is, if married life can ever be called settled. Frances Henty was one of those wives who, regarding the facts of married life, never lose their innate primness. She was a good, rather fussy wife and mother, who knew her duty and never forgot it. Consequently, it sprang forth occasionally in the most unexpected places. Like all stern senses of duty, it tried to sow seeds in other metaphorical gardens, which, invariably, in duty's eyes, always look as if they need tending. Thus Frances turned towards her nice,



DUNSANY CASTLE, CO. MEATH

Photos.: Poole, Dublin

jolly, easy-going husband, and pointed out to him that his duty was to get on, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of their children. Poor George Henty was quite a success in his obscure niche, but when he left it to find, so to speak, a better hole, he met disaster and disappointment at every turn. It comes out all right in the end, of course, and maybe it was good for the character of both George and Frances that, when they courted more world glory, they only found more trouble.

But, apart from the very readable plot, the novel is most interesting for the vivid and accurate picture it gives of a middle-class provincial family at the end of last century, when life, for the majority, was very placid and good-natured, and when, as did George Henty, husbands spoke of and to their wives as "wifey," without leaving those ladies murderously embittered! More devoted, in fact! But then, they called their husbands "hubby"—so all was quits, I suppose.

MECHANISED BUT UNDEFEATED— —THE IVTH HUSSARS' P.T.-TO-P.T.



AFTER IT WAS OVER: CAPTAIN AND MRS. CHARLES PEEL, MISS WEST, MAJOR E. G. G. LILLINGSTON AND LIEUT.-COL. J. SCOTT-COCKBURN, THE C.O.



JUST OUT OF ACTION: MR. G. KENNARD, MR. D. F. TEMPLER, MR. L. F. ROMNEY AND MR. R. R. ARCHER



AT THE FINISH: MRS. T. McDOUGAL AND MRS. MICHAEL HORNBY



THE WINNER: MR. G. W. HAMILTON AND PAUL II.



SPECTATORS: MRS. FORSYTH-FORREST AND DAUGHTERS

The feature of this and all the other regimental races held by the now mechanised cavalry, and also infantry, has been the big fields that have started and the excellence of the performance. This is a very good thing, for wheels may be overdone, and we may yet need some real cavalry. Fifteen went for the IVth Hussars' race run at Denchworth, in the South Berks country, and the smiling winner is looking at us in one of the pictures. Mr. Hamilton got the Light-weight section of the contest, and Mr. R. Dale the Heavy one. The Colonel, of course, had a go, for he is one of the best and hardest men over any country. Lt.-Col. Scott-Cockburn won the Kadir Cup in India three times on the same horse (Carclaw), setting up an absolute and probably unbeatable record. The IVth Hussars had a mortgage on that desperate rough-and-tumble from 1924 to 1929—and now they are mechanised! Mrs. Tommy McDougal, who was a mounted spectator, is the wife of Captain McDougal, Master of the Old Berks, next-door neighbours of the South Berks. Major Lillingston, in the group with the C.O., is the senior Major, and Captain Charles Peel is the adjutant of the regiment



THE TENTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE LADIES' GOLF UNION—BY "MEL"

The above annual dinner was held recently at Grosvenor House, in London, when the chair was taken by Lady Denman, who is last year's President. The new President is now Lady Astor, who, on this occasion, replied to the toast of "The Guests," as also did Sir George Langton, K.C. In the above group the names are (l. to r.): Mrs. Gwendoline Fletcher, chairman, Dinner Committee, J. B. Beck, Walker Cup captain, Lady Astor, new President, L.G.U., Sir George Langton, K.C., Lady Denman, immediate Past President, Miss D. I. Clark, chairman of Council, George Crosbie, President Irish Golf Union, Mrs. T. H. Miller, founder of the L.G.U., Miss B. Pyman, Welsh Lady Close Champion; and A. A. Duncan, Amateur Golf Champion of Wales

A NEW season of golf begins with the coming of March, and I have just been filling in my engagement-book with the assistance of the admirable and comprehensively accurate calendar compiled by the secretary of the English Golf Union. There are some 2000 clubs, I believe, in the British Isles, and really it seems that scarcely one of them fails to hold some kind of open tournament calculated to get their name in the newspaper without payment of the usual advertising rates. And so long as I am not expected to attend every one of these trifling, though doubtless entertaining, events, good luck to them!

In three weeks we have the University match at Royal St. George's—and how I envy the students their ten days' practice at Sandwich. People keep asking me what odds I am prepared to lay against Oxford, to which my reply is that the odds are greater than one can afford to lay in single bets—a principle that I am sure would be supported by any responsible bookmaker. Actually, I do not think Oxford would win more than once in about five or six matches. That does not say that they will not win the only one that matters. After all, Cambridge are not more certain to win this match than Oxford were to win at Burnham four years ago—when Cambridge won by a point.

I have played on more than 250 courses in various parts of the world (How many have you? It's always entertaining to count them up), but there are several gaps in my golfing knowledge that I am looking forward gradually to filling. One or two will be filled, I am pleased to see by the calendar, in the course of this year. The first is Royal Portrush. Heaven knows how many people have said to me: "What? You haven't been to Portrush? Why, my dear fellow . . ." Well, in June we shall be at Portrush to watch the ladies perform in their championship, and I congratulate the L.G.U. on their choice.

From there, after possibly a fleeting visit to see how our venture at Killarney is taking shape, I hope to get across to Le Touquet for the French Open. "What? Never been to Le Touquet? . . ." No, never. At least, that is not strictly accurate, for I once landed there at the airport on the way to Dieppe to pass the Customs, but I have never

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

seen the New Course, which they keep telling me is the best in Europe. What fun these 72 holes medal championships are! They're the only chance an amateur has of playing in direct competition with the professionals,

except, of course, for our own Open.

Another course that I ought to have visited before, seeing that I played for a good many years in the Midland Championship, is Sandwell Park. This and Little Aston I take to be generally recognised as the two best courses in the Midlands, though I don't quite see how they can be much better than Beau Desert. I read something the other day about a Bill to provide compensation for subsidences in the ground due to coal-mining below. If they come under the Act, Beau Desert ought to get something for some of their greens, which are constantly changing shape from this cause. We go to Sandwell Park for the new £1000 "True Temper" tournament, which has to a certain extent replaced the postponed, and now, I believe, abandoned, Dunlop-Southport tournament. This, if you remember, is to be a foursomes event; one in each pair to be over, and the other under, the average age of the lot—though this is likely to be a mathematical impossibility.

The two championships return to a couple of old friends in Hoylake and St. Andrews. The present amateur champion of the United States, Willie Turnesa (at least, I think it is Willie, but there are so many of these golfing Turnesas that one is always liable to mix them up) has been reported as intending to come over in search of the "double crown."

Say what you will, a few Americans, provided they are of the top calibre, do make all the difference to a championship. Sarazen says he is coming to St. Andrews, and whatever rude things he may be reported as saying (which I will believe only when I hear from his own lips that he actually said them), I for one shall look forward to seeing his expansive smile again. Then again, the great Walter Hagen, whose "obituary" we were all writing a few months back when he was reported to have retired, may be coming, too. From my own point of view, I confess that the presence of Hagen at a championship makes all the difference to what is sometimes a most exhausting and tiresome week's work.

THE PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS DINE OUT



THE PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS' ASSOCIATION ANNUAL DINNER—BY "MEL"

The Professional Golfers' Association annual dinner was held recently at Grosvenor House, in London, when a very large gathering of the professionals and their guests spent a most enjoyable evening. The chair was taken by Sir Eric Hambro, K.B.E., who also proposed the toast of "The Association," to which Mr. F. H. Taylor (chairman of the P.G.A.) responded. A most amusing speech was forthcoming from Mr. W. Russell ("Billy") Bennett, when he replied for the numerous guests. The Open Champion, R. A. Whitcombe, who is also captain of the P.G.A., proposed the toast of "The Chairman." A very excellent cabaret followed the dinner, in which perhaps the star turn was the Crazy Gang

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY STEEPLECHASES AT COTTENHAM



LORD GRANBY, SON AND HEIR OF THE DUKE
OF RUTLAND, WITH MISS LEE



MR. D. W. B. SEWELL, MISS BRIDGET DUNN,
AND THE HON. CHRISTOPHER NOEL-BUXTON



LADY ALEXANDRA CADOGAN
AND MR. BRYAN KENT



LORD ANDREW CAVENDISH AND
THE HON. DEBORAH MITFORD



MR. WATERHOUSE, LORD HARTINGTON,
AND MISS KATHLEEN KENNEDY



DÉBUTANTE MISS ROSALIND CUBITT
AND MR. C. GREGSON TALK IT OVER

It can be exceedingly cold at Cottenham, but this year's Cambridge University 'Chase Meeting had pleasant sunshine on both days and consequently the gallery, generally pretty good, whatever the weather, was outstandingly so. Almost invariably each meeting features one particular riding light who keeps on catching the judge's eye. This time Mr. D. W. B. Sewell and Mr. D. L. Bennett were joint star turns, the former winning the Loder Cup and the C.U.O.T.C. hurdle race, and the latter the Maiden Hurdle and the Cottenham Challenge Cup. The camera let fly at Mr. Sewell when he was on his way to the saddling-ring with Sir James Dunn's daughter and Lord Noel-Buxton's second son. Another in the money was Mr. C. Gregson (Red Coat Race), who is seen having a word with Lord Ashcombe's débutante niece, Miss Rosalind Cubitt. Lord Andrew Cavendish also weighed-in, but not out, unfortunately. His brother, Lord Hartington, was there to see him ride, and their party included the eldest daughter of the American Ambassador and the youngest member of Lord Redesdale's family. Lady "Alex" Cadogan is Lord Cadogan's sister



LORD AND LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH

Harlip, New Bond Street

A profile study of the Duke of Devonshire's brother and sister-in-law, whose popularity, both in Eire and England, is so outstanding. The marriage of Lord Charles Cavendish to delightful Miss Adèle Astaire, from the U.S.A., Fred Astaire's sisterly accomplice in capturing London's heart with dance and song, took place in 1932. Since then they have lived mostly at Lismore Castle in County Waterford, but jaunts to the Metropolis and in other English directions occur from time to time, to the great pleasure of friends over here. Since the creation of the Dukedom of Devonshire, in William and Mary days, the Cavendish family has had many links with the Green Isle, a tragic one amongst them. The third and fourth Dukes each held the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that very eminent statesman, the eighth Duke, great-uncle of Lord Charles Cavendish, was Chief Secretary 1870-74. Eight years later the news of the murder of Chief Secretary Lord Frederick Cavendish in Phoenix Park shocked the world.

IN THE NASSAU NEWS

West Indian Interlude



READY TO LUNCH AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE:
COLONEL AND MRS. ARTHUR McGRATH



MR. GEORGE NELSON AND COLONEL
NORMAN THWAITES GET TALKING



MR. HARRY OAKES, CANADIAN
MILLIONAIRE, AND MRS. OAKES



PRETTY MISS JUDITH POLLOCK WITH
CAPTAIN D'ARCY RUTHERFORD



VALERIE LADY SMILEY AND HER
YOUNGEST SON, MR. DAVID SMILEY



SIX FEET SIX INCHES OF MR. JOHN
HUTTON, WITH MISS EILEEN WALL

Interesting despatches are to hand from Nassau, enchanting capital of the enchanting Bahamas. The arrival is signalled of Colonel Arthur McGrath and his literary and travelled wife, Rosita Forbes, who has taken some ultra smart frocks and advance Ascot hats to the West Indies. Mr. George Nelson, the only Englishman to have won the Japanese Black Belt for ju-jitsu, fetched up at Nassau in the "Gripsholm," one of his fellow passengers being Colonel Norman Thwaites. Immensely rich, Mr. Harry Oakes, owner of an island in the Bahamas, well known in London, married to a charming Australian wife and virtually "King" of Nassau, has extended his interests there by buying the biggest hotel, against the creation of a summer season. Like Captain D'Arcy Rutherford, who is aquaplaning round the Bahamas, Miss Judith Pollock is more often ski-ing at this time of year. She is a cousin of that renowned British ski-racer, Mr. "Mouse" Cleaver. Sir Hugh Smiley's brother, Mr. David Smiley, The Blues, is on sick leave after a bad bout of typhoid, Mr. John Hutton, leading London financier, is staying in Nassau till April

THE XIITH LANCERS' REGIMENTAL RACE



MR. ROBERT NEWTON AND MRS. PHILIP CRIPPS WAIT FOR IT



MORE OF THE GALLERY: MRS. GEORGE SPENCER, MISS E. KINGTON, AND MRS. OLIVER BROCKLEBANK



MRS. A. S. GEMMELL AND COLONEL ROLAND SPENCER



MAJOR D. HIGNETT (A FORMER FERNIE MASTER) AND MRS. CHARLES EDMONSTONE, AND HER CHILDREN, FIONA, ARCHIE, AND MARY



HERE'S TO THE WINNER! CAPTAIN A. M. HORSBRUGH-PORTER (1), CAPTAIN W. G. CARR (2), AND MAJOR G. B. CLIFTON-BROWN

The 12th Lancers No. 3 (polo team) was No. 1 all right this time, and won the Regimental Race over a nice bit of the Saddington country near Lubenham in the Fernie domain. Captain Horsbrugh-Porter, who rode a very nice race on his own Sanctum, and won by a comfortable five lengths, is Sir John Horsbrugh-Porter's son and heir, and was in the 12th Lancers' polo team which won the Inter-Regimental in 1936, and also last year, when they got beaten by The Greys. Captain W. G. Carr, who was second on his Warwickshire horse, Fan II., collected the Neil Haig Trophy (Chargers' Cup) for the second year in succession. He is the 12th Lancers' polo No. 1. Major Clifton Brown, the second in command, was also competing; so was Captain A. S. Gemmell (for bride, see above), who broke his honeymoon to have a dash at it. There was a very good field of 22 out of an original entry of 31. Major D. Hignett was joint-Master of the Fernie, 1935-37, and Captain Charles Edmonstone, whose wife is in one of the pictures, is another former and most popular Fernie Master

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT



PITY THE GIRL-WIFE :
LILLI PALMER, CECIL PARKER

JUDGING by the laughter, *Little Ladyship* is taken to be good entertainment by most. Certainly it is the very thing for the girls and boys who, having reached their forties or fifties, still prefer not to be fully grown up. It opens with pretty little Eve, aged not quite eighteen, being nice and girlish in bed. Observe the *gaminerie* with which she dips the thermometer in hot tea, so as to persuade her parents (they ought to be called Mr. and Mrs. Darling) that she has pneumonia, appendicitis or anything else that will persuade them to send for that good-looking specialist in the flat downstairs. She wants him to examine her, but it is all quite pure and decorous: notice how she stops short of asking to be examined from top to bottom. Isn't she *sweet*? Within two minutes he has diagnosed the complaint as springtime truantitis, which makes young things want to run and jump with the wind in their faces and all that. Within five minutes she has baby-vamped him into telling her all about himself and the hard times he had until, at his present age of thirty-seven, he became Sir John Brent. Within six weeks, little Eve has married him; and here they are, after a Venetian honeymoon, in a house in Bryanston Square.

Here, at least, is Sir John: the girl-wife hasn't turned up for her own sherry-party. It seems that she followed the fire-engines to a fire, and just had to wait to see the roof fall in. It seems that the little dear is like that: pals with the newsboys, taking tea with the chauffeur's children instead of with the bigwigs at Sir John's hospital. Isn't she *quaint*? But then, how can a rich young girl, whose husband deserts her for his work, fill in time between nine and seven? Even when the husband plans a gay evening to recapture the honeymoon spirit, the nasty old hospital must needs ring up and demand an operation forthwith. Can you wonder that, desolate in her lovely new dress, little Eve should grow bitter, and accuse her Sir John of preferring his nice, messy operation to herself. Even school would be better. The matron all forlorn, in fact, will go back to school under an assumed name, and surprise Sir John by taking the Higher Certificate. Isn't she *quaint*?

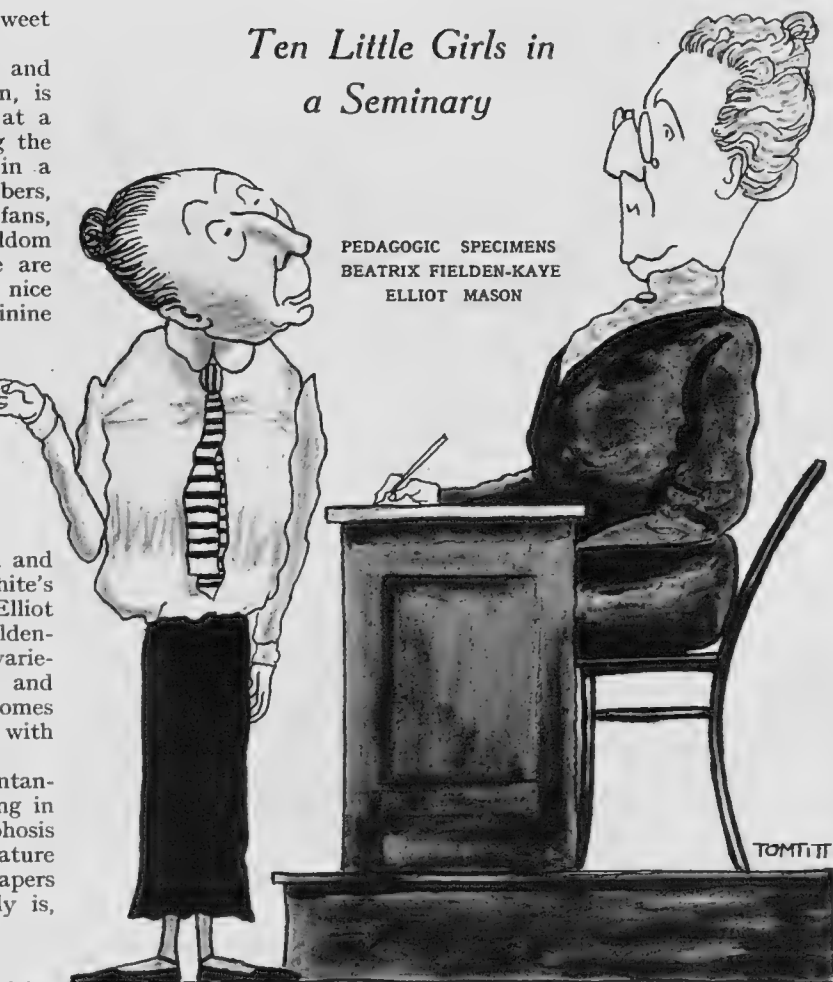
And O Lord, is it going to be thus quaint and sweet and arch all the way?

No: the next scene is in Tadworthy House School; and Ian Hay, who adapted the thing from the Hungarian, is good at putting classrooms on the stage. His Peeps at a Girls' School are up to the standard of his Fun Among the Chaps in *The Housemaster*. Here are ten little girls in a seminary, full of beans and airy-pairy: raggers, cribbers, sneaks, gigglers, desk-bangers, trippers-up, Zippy Story fans, hearty hoydens, girls fat and lean, girls beautiful but seldom dumb. Here is much fun with gas-mask drill. Here are dragonian pedagogues, including a Head who draws nice distinction between masculine perspiration and feminine glow, and a mistress who looks like the giant panda would look in a stiff collar and tailor-mades. Here is Eve herself, duly disguised as a Ruby Rogers; pleasantly ignorant of most things between book-covers, but nobly taking upon herself the blame for another girl's misconduct at the movies. And here comes young Mr. Budge, the new maths-master, to be tripped up by the Bad Girl of Tadworthy House and to set arithmetical problems about bath-water from taps h. and c. I should admit to having laughed loud and often, so long as they kept us in school with Miss Joan White's devastating but slightly overdone Bad Girl, Miss Elliot Mason's comic but lifelike headmistress, Miss Beatrix Fielden-Kaye's all very peculiar assistant-mistress, and the variegated young persons who filled the place with gusto and well-produced clamour. But when the comedy becomes domestic again, embarrassment is inclined to mingle with the laughter.

It is the main function of young Mr. Budge to get entangled with the married schoolgirl; hence private coaching in teashops and backwaters; and hence the metamorphosis of the so juvenile Lady Brent into a furtive little creature who lies about appointments and is forever hiding papers from her mature husband. It should be, but scarcely is,

Ten Little Girls in a Seminary

PEDAGOGIC SPECIMENS
BEATRIX FIELDEN-KAYE
ELLIOT MASON



MR. BUDGE DISCUSSES HOMEWORK:
DAVID TREE, LILLI PALMER, JOAN WHITE

funny when the young wife escapes from home to be coached in a cinema, and the butler announces: "Her ladyship has just left by the backyard. She asked me to give her a leg-up when climbing over the wall." Contrariwise, it might be, but is not, shy-making when, back in the school, a Peeping Tom describes how he saw Mr. Budge kissing the back of his homework-pupil's neck. The difference is presumably one of atmosphere, as between near-reality in Bryanston Square and near-farce in the girls' school. The hilarities of Speech Day disinfest the headmistress's remark to Sir John that in the morning his supposed ward often seems to have had insufficient sleep. And when the maths-master informs Sir John that he feels obliged to marry Sir John's disguised wife, the incident obtains from the background of school-romping the effect of innocuous farce-comedy instead of prurient comedy-farce.

It is a comedy in two aromas. The one is fragrant with new-mown Hay, the other is a trifle pungent from such traces as remain, despite deodorisation, from the nature of the Continental original. Given this plot and these situations, no adaptor could have done more to Keep it Clean; and certainly no two players could have served the same purpose better than Miss Lilli Palmer and Mr. Cecil Parker. Miss Palmer, who is exceedingly good to look at, invests the good looks with dauntless innocence, as though she were acting a fairy-tale rôle; which, indeed, she delicately is. Mr. Parker, always an expert at poise, strikes an exact balance between doting husband and artist in unreality. Mr. David Tree ably handles the "character" which his author has amply provided for Mr. Budge. Messrs. Aubrey Mather and Archibald Batty, for whom next to nothing is provided, fill their vacuum with personality, deft mannerism and effective business. The theatre is the Strand.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

YVONNE PRINTEMPS AS
IRÈNE GRANDPRÉ IN
"LES TROIS VALSES"—

At long last that enchanting film with those two great French actors, Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay, is coming to London, and is to have its English première at the Curzon on March 9, the fifth anniversary of Mayfair's very own cinema. In Paris, the demand for seats was so great that the play had to be revived, despite the film version which was running. Irène Grandpré (Yvonne Printemps) in the final period of the story, is a famous film star beloved by the Marquis de Chalancey (Pierre Fresnay)

"heredity"; hell, invented by a tonsured Brock; and—to curtail a long index—old age, have inspired *le Maître* with many comforting thoughts. Take, for instance, the following, that can be dedicated to those of us who have passed the crest of middle age, and are ambling, with serenity, down the slope towards the final ditch: "As I grow older, I become happier, for though my Future diminishes my Past increases. The Future is full of doubt and anxiety. The Past is calm and reassuring." This, of course, supposes a blameless life, and one rather wonders what becomes of the skeletons that repose in the walled-up closets of most human beings who have lived as humans and not mere turnips. I imagine also, that all Pert Percys, Septic Sallys and other Gossip Writers will join with me in objecting to: "Words that are shouted from the housetops fall into the street and become mud!" This is a most unpleasant thought after thirty years of blurb-writing, and I can only hope that the printed word counts for less than those that are murmured over the air by Poste Parisien, Radio '37, the B.B.C., or any other institution for the propagation of blah!

On the other hand, the profound truth of M. Maeterlinck's statement that: "Those of our childhood friends who have

IN his recent work, "La Grande Porte," that has just been published by Fasquelle, Très Cher, M. Maurice Maeterlinck gives us his views on many subjects. Death, with and without stings; Satan, complete with tail; reincarnation, a chapter that might just as well have been entitled

died seem nearer to us than the survivors whom we meet after the lapse of many years," has been brought home to me many times since my name appeared, during several months last spring, on the façade of the theatre where I had, shall I say, "an interest." The ghosts that walked out of my past on this occasion were neither calm nor reassuring; they were all determined to play leading rôles in the dam' play when it went on tour, or, failing that, important parts in any other production that might be forthcoming. The blonde, gaunt, hard-visaged *jeune première* whom I had known a quarter of a century earlier, as a dimpled brunette in the bosom of her family, handing round cups of hay-water (tea was undrinkable hog-wash in Paris in those days) at her mama's weekly *cinq à sept*, was my first disillusion, and others followed. I have come to the conclusion that, in order to be selfishly happy, one must live in the Present, trusting to luck for the Future, and keeping the Past a jealously guarded, rose-tinted memory. In order to so so, however, one must be altogether ruthless or else entirely devoid of imagination, and such beatitude is therefore reserved only for very young children, animals and lunatics.

I wish the dead past would stay dead when it comes to reviving the fashions that made life a burden to us gals when we were very young. The return of the late-Victorian top-knot coiffure, with its untidy wisps of hair, was bad enough when it was wished upon us last year, but the present

menace of an hour-glass waist and Mae West hips is something to make us go-chain-ourselves-to-the-railing in protestation. An eighteen-inch span round one's middle can only be obtained under the duress of whale-bone and non-elastic material, to say nothing of the steel "busk" that clips the whole caboodle down the front. I have remembrance of such garments in my childhood. Mama's were made of pearl-grey satin, trimmed with Chantilly and laced with silver, but our Nannie's were of stout grey twill, and, after the weekly wash, hung undecoratively on the nursery fire-guard before figuring, when dry (and Nannie was elsewhere engaged), as a coat of mail when we played "Crusaders." But whether they were twill or satin, or the



—AND AS YVETTE GRANDPRÉ WITH PIERRE FRESNAY AS THE MARQUIS PHILIPPE CHALANCEY

This story of Paris life opens in the year 1867 and ends with the present day. Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay both play a different character in the three periods. Ludwig Bergen is responsible for the direction, with music by Oscar Strauss. Schufftan has produced a separate type of lighting for each set, and Leo Staats, the Maître de Ballet of the Paris Opera, is responsible for the choreography

"Pompadour silk" of the French governess who came later there were nearly always faint rust-marks down the front, and the edges were slightly ragged with the repeated sewing-in of new busks to replace the old ones that were so often broken. Grown-ups didn't bend much in those days.

Nowadays I contend that the daily round is too hectic to allow for such unnecessary—and uncomfortable—sartorial complications, but I fear that if the *grands couturiers* ordain such tomfoolery, there will always be Thomasine Fools to obey them (present persons excepted, *naturellement!*) To turn to a happier subject. This week I have come across an old friend who has not changed, despite the three or four years of his retirement into private life and a *pavillon-mit-garden* at Clamart. This is my dear Marius, who was for so many years with Paillard and who launched the "Crémaillière" on its then successful way. He is now to be found at the Chatham grillroom, where they have the best "mixed grills" in Paris.—PRISCILLA.

A MILKY WAY—FROM HOLLYWOOD



BARBARA STANWYCK—HER LATEST IS "UNION PACIFIC"



FRED ASTAIRE GETS A CLOSE SHAVE BY LEW FIELDS IN "THE CASTLES"—CO-STAR, GINGER ROGERS

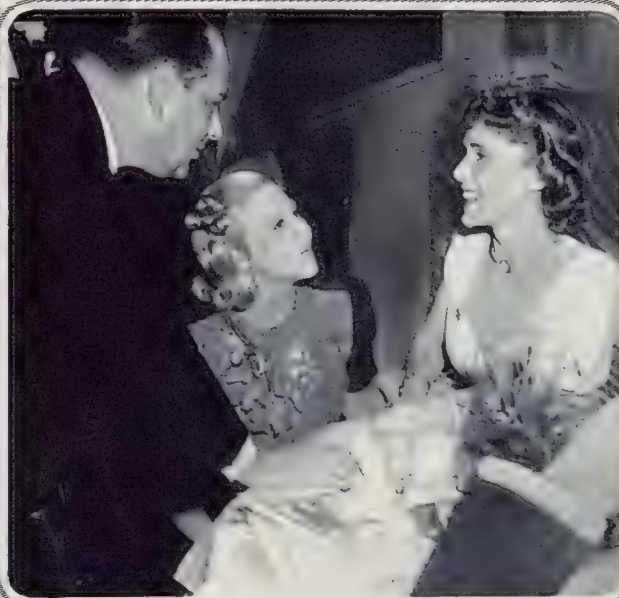


MYRNA LOY AND PRODUCER-HUSBAND ARTHUR HORNBLow
SUP À DEUX

On- and off-duty pics. of the galaxy which Hollywood is always able to produce at short notice. They are all so accustomed to being fired at by the camera that they show none of the nervousness of the ordinary individual. As to details, Barbara Stanwyck's latest straight off the celluloid reel is a Cecil B. de Mille's pioneering epic, *Union Pacific*, in which she has a Calamity Jane kind of part. Of course, it is all about the railway, with a seasoning of wicked crooks and Joel McCrea as the good officer, and a nice assortment of thugs, Robert Preston, Brian Donlevy, Akim Tamiroff, Lynne Overman and Co. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are most appropriately in *The Castles*, Fred playing Vernon Castle and the lady that light-footed Irene. Myrna Loy teams up with Robert Taylor in *Lucky Night*, poor Bill Powell, her usual opposite number, not being pronounced quite fit enough to go back into harness. We all wish him a very speedy return. Everyone who is a Kipling fan is sure to go and see *Gunga Din*, founded on that author's dramatic little poem about a frontier fight, and young Doug. and Joan Fontaine fit into the picture very well



IN "GUNGA DIN": JOAN FONTAINE AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

A NEW YORK NIGHT
REEL AT EL MOROCCOLORD AND LADY DUFFERIN
TAKE THE FLOORMR. MAURY H. B. PAUL ("CHOLLY KNICKER-
BOCKER"), BENAY VENUTA AND MRS. CLARE
BOOTHE LUCEMR. AND MRS. JAMES
ROOSEVELTMR. GEORGE HOPPER FITCH AND
PRINCESS BRINDA OF KAPURTHALAMR. AND MRS. JOHN BARRYMORE AND
MR. JERRY HORWIN, PLAYWRIGHTMRS. FREDRIC MARCH AND MR. GEORGE
KAUFMAN; (BEHIND) MISS CLAIRE LUCETHE "KISS THE BOYS GOOD-BYE" PARTY: MR. AND MRS. FRANK CHAPMAN
(GLADYS SWARTHOUT), MR. CLIFTON WEBB, "VALENTINA," MRS. CLARE BOOTHE
LUCE (HOSTESS) AND MR. GEORGE SCHLEE

Stars—and most of them of the first magnitude—were flashing very brightly when their pictures were taken at New York's famous "niterie," El Morocco. One of the chief hostesses of the evening was Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, the authoress, who threw a big party for the cast of *Kiss the Boys Good-bye*, and in the top centre picture she has with her Benay Venuta, the star of the play and guest of honour of the occasion. "Cholly Knickerbocker" is one of New York's most popular columnists. In the bottom group the hostess is with some more of her guests, including "Valentina" (Mrs. George Schlee), the well-known dress designer. The Barrymores are going into Mr. Jerry Horwin's play, *My Dear Children*, and other news of theatrical moment is that Mrs. Fredric March (Florence Eldridge) is now starring with her husband in *The American Way*. Mr. George Kaufman, in the same picture, is the American playwright. All the rest of the people are what are called socialites. Mr. Fitch, talking to the young Kapurthala Princess, is one, and so, naturally, are Lord and Lady Dufferin and Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt, son and daughter-in-law of the President



Gentlemen! your **Johnnie Walker**—

It may be for lunge, or it may be for dinner, but an engagement with Johnnie Walker is something too good to miss. There are many fine whiskies distilled in Scotland, and each as it matures and mellows develops some special quality that you would enjoy. But in Johnnie Walker you enjoy them all at once; for Johnnie Walker, as you probably know, is a blend of all the finest whiskies in Scotland.





AT A FARMERS' C

By F

An eminent authority who could not believe that there was any other sport than fox-hunting has said that he could not say anything about coursing and its finer points, cannot be classed as anything of a judge of the merits of a contest in which the Cup at Altcar decided last month, but one at which all the locals are engaged, men as well as dogs, and one at which everybody officiating, including



COURSING MEETING

F. HOGG

and did not believe that anything to do with long dogs was of any use. He, however, was very bigoted, and as he never knew that training and fitness bear so great a part. The picture above depicts a meeting not on the grand scale of the Waterloo Cup, but the actual enjoyment is probably much greater than at any more spectacular gathering. Every one knows every one else, and the slipper and the judges, is the friend of every one else.

NCC 403



Thomas Stretton describing
to Sir Walter Raleigh the
new land of Virginia
After the painting by A. W. M. C. C. C. C.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

LONDON'



MISS CATRIONA MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR
AND COL. IAN CAMPBELL OF AIRDS



THE HON. ANNE YOL
DAUGHTER, AND MR. JOHN G.



MR. AND MRS. ALAN MACLEOD



MR. B. E. FERGUSON AND MISS GATHORNE-HARDY
The kilt temporarily deserted its native heath to give Sassenachs a treat not long ago ; reason, the Highland Ball held at Claridge's to help London's Highland societies. From these photographs you can see what a brave show was made. Amongst those contributing tartan sashes was the seventeenth Lady of Ardgour, photographed with Colonel Ian Campbell of Airds, whose wife was vice-chairman. Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, one of the brigade of stewards, married Miss Eleanor Watts last year. Mr. J. G. D. Fanshawe, Argyll and Sutherland, was up from Aldershot, and Mr. Bernard Fergusson, The Black Watch, came from the R.M.C., where he is an Instructor. Miss Margaret Gathorne-Hardy is the only daughter of General the Hon. Sir John Gathorne-Hardy. Mr. Michael Noble is a brother of Sir Andrew Noble, and Miss Coline MacDougall is the daughter of the twenty-eighth MacDougall of MacDougall

**LEFT: MR. ALASTAIR STEWART AND
MISS EVELYN BLUNDELL-HAWKES**

**RIGHT: MISS COLINE MACDOUGALL OF
MACDOUGALL AND LT. M. G. GREIG, R.N.**



MISS PAULINE FENWICK AND MR. NOBLE



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why, it might
ng to find out.
his hare was
Royal Danieli's
ngthened by some-
like 50 per cent.,
it is always very
lt to catch a lie
has got even a short
t, the result was in-
table. Denials by those
best calculated to know
seemed only to make
things worse. Anyway,
now that we know, I am
sure that everyone will
join in wishing the owner
of this right good steed
the good luck that he de-
serves. Personally, I regret
that they are going to run
Royal Danieli again be-
fore the National, seeing
that he has given them



PALM BEACH GOLF TIME

Lady Burney, very attractive in a grass-green slacks suit, wife of the famous Sir Dennistoun Burney, with Mr. Ian Wilson Young—Foreign Office—on a bit of leave

DEATH PEOPLE AT DUNSANY
Meath's best-known and also most popular fixtures, for it is
d's premier poet and author-peer. Lord Dunsany often has a
the Meath himself. In the picture are Miss Joy Binnie, who is a niece
of Lady Mary Corbally, Lord Cottenham's aunt; Lt.-Col. the Hon. Edward and
Mrs. Corbally Stourton, and Brigadier-General D. T. Hammond, who used to be
in the Connaught Rangers (the 88th)



KARSAVINA (MRS. HENRY BRUCE)

Karsavina's favourite preoccupation since her retirement from active service as one of the world's most renowned dancers is antique art collecting. The piece in the picture is a wood-carved statue of St. Florian. Mr. Henry Bruce, whom she married in 1915, was formerly in the Diplomatic Service and is a kinsman of Sir Hervey Bruce

every bit of information they can possibly need. They know that the Aintree country is no trouble to him; that he can stay, and that he is quite as forward as is necessary, the date of the race being March 24. He was jumping clean away from everything at Nottingham and the supposed "mistake" he made at the third obstacle is misdescribed. I cannot see at the moment what anyone can name to beat him. He would seem to be in a class by himself.

The polo world at large has been placed under a heavy obligation to the chairman of the Hurlingham Rules Committee, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and also to his collaborator, Lieut.-Colonel J. C. R. Gannon, the secretary and manager of Hurlingham and the secretary-apparent to the coming International Rules Committee, for the stupendous task they have carried through in preparing a draft scheme for unifying the rules of polo all over the world. This Code Napol(eon has long been needed, and is almost certain to be adopted, because it has been drawn up with such skill and sound knowledge. The aim is not to introduce any disruptive alterations, but to bring things into line, both as regards wording and numbering. The big idea is to simplify and not to complicate, and since even as



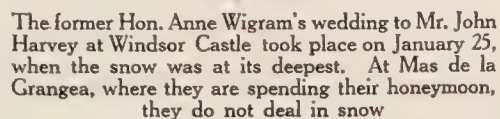
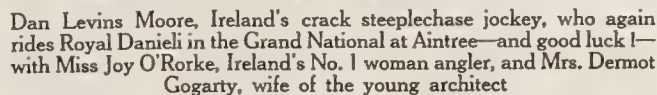
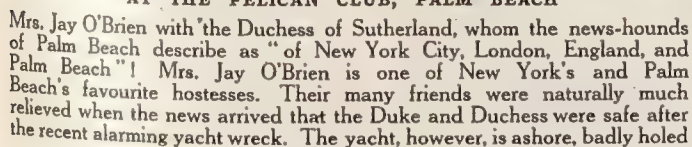
NIGHT LIFE AT PALM BEACH

Whether by day or by night, Palm Beach, Fla., which stands for Florida, is one of the places in which to be if you can manage it. Meet Mr. Woolworth Donahue, a cadet of the famous family, at the Colony Club with Mrs. Archie Campbell of (as they say) England. The exact number of clubs at Palm Beach is not transmitted to us, but the Colony is one of the favourites

things are the divergences are very slight, no matter to what country we look, it is fairly obvious that it is to everyone's advantage to have this made ship-shape. This is exactly what the new code proposes to do, and it is bound to be passed when it comes up on March 1.

It then goes on to say, amongst other things, that if a player places himself so as to take the ball on his near side *and thereby endangers another player* who would otherwise have been clear, he automatically loses his Right of Way and must get out of the other fellow's way. This is the method all through this draft and it is no wonder that the reading rules will be attracted to do so. I am sure that the Medes and Persians, could not have made a better job of it. It was passed into law before the coming International in 1906, June, which, however, I fear it may not be.

(Continued on page 414)





ISA MIRANDA AND RAY MILLAND IN THE "HOTEL IMPERIAL" FILM

Gabriele d'Annunzio once described Isa Miranda as "the most glamorous woman in the world," and Hollywood has more or less concurred. She is rated in the top class by Paramount. She has won fame in many Continental films, but she made her American debut as a Paramount star in this new film, which was completed a little time ago, and will be shown in London very shortly. In addition to Ray Milland, who plays the male lead, there are in the cast Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, Rudolph Foster, Curt Bois, and the Don Cossack Russian Male Chorus

A FRENCHMAN who was rather proud of his knowledge of the English tongue, said politely to his hostess at the conclusion of an afternoon call: "Now I must go, Madame. I cannot cockroach upon your time longer."

His hostess smiled: "Ah, no," she corrected him, kindly, "en-croach, we say."

The foreigner looked at her sadly, and said: "Alas! Pardon, Madame. Of course, when one speaks to a lady. I always mix up ze English genders."

A man dashed into the fire-station. He was tremendously excited, and burst out with:

"I'm sorry to interrupt you all, but my wife has disappeared again."

One of the firemen looked up

"That's too bad," he sympathised, "but why tell us firemen? Why not notify the police?"

The intruder shook his head.

"I don't dare tell the police," he explained. "I told them the last time she disappeared—and they went out and found her!"

"Waiter, take this egg away at once."

"Yes, sir. What shall I do with it, sir?"

"Wring its neck!"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The gangster was brought before the judge. He was accused of stealing a thousand-dollar fur coat from a large furrier's store.

"How do you plead?" asked the judge, eyeing the gangster, "guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, your honour," said the gangster, "it was like this. My girl friend needed a new coat, so I went out and got her one. After all, the poor kid hasn't had a new coat in five years."

The judge scowled.

"H'm," he growled. "And did your lady friend approve of your stealing the coat?"

"Yep," nodded the gangster. "She didn't care how I got it, just so long as she had a new coat."

The judge banged the gavel angrily.

"A fine state of affairs," he observed sternly.

"Perhaps your lady friend doesn't object to the manner in which this coat was obtained—but, the law most certainly objects to your methods."

The gangster shrugged hopelessly.

"It just goes to show you," he murmured. "You can't please everybody."

When on leave recently, a recruit took his spurs to his brother, who worked in a large motor factory in the Midlands, and had them chromium-plated, thus saving a good deal of time over the inevitable polishing.

On his return, at the weekly inspection, his Commanding Officer picked up the spurs and examined them critically.

"You have just returned from leave?" he asked the recruit.

"Yes, sir."

"Birmingham, I believe?"

"That's right, sir."

"H'm, well—er—next time you go, take the eighteen-pounder along."

The temperance lecturer was well under way.

"My friends," he said ponderously, "if all the public houses were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the result?"

Like a flash came the reply from the back of the hall: "Lots of people would get drowned."

The bride and bridegroom were just departing from the bride's house to drive away for their honeymoon. As the groom prepared to leave the house, amid a shower of confetti, he snatched his hat from a peg and seized an umbrella from the hall-stand.

Just as the car was about to drive off, the bride's father dashed up.

"Here," he yelled, "you've taken my umbrella! Bring it back at once. I've got five daughters, but only one good umbrella!"



EVELYN LAYE—PRINCIPAL BOY

And probably a record one, for *The Sleeping Beauty* pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, in which Evelyn Laye plays Prince Florizel, will run till Easter Saturday, thus completing a fifteen-weeks' run. The average run of a pantomime is twelve weeks. Two years ago George Formby played Idle Dick for fourteen weeks, but now this record is going to be broken

THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE



Courts 1939



When youth combines with dignity, and freshness with elegance—when the effect is perfect, from the hem of her court gown to the curl of her ostrich-feather—Elizabeth Arden (you may be sure) has completed the masterpiece. At her famous Salon, 25 Old Bond Street, every detail of your beauty is considered and cared for—face, hair, arms, hands and silhouette: you emerge beautified and refreshed, both soothed and stimulated . . . Pay a visit to 25 Old Bond Street before attending any important social function.

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CONCERNING THREE GOOD PARTIES



AT BORDON: MAJOR-GEN. THE HON. H. R. L. G.
AND LADY MARGARET ALEXANDER



ALSO AT THE R.A. DRAG BALL: (CENTRE) MRS. GEORGE EVANS AND COLONEL MILES COURAGE, M.F.H.; (RIGHT) BRIGADIER AND MRS. HEYWOOD AND LIEUT.-COL. LEVENTHORPE. These three top pictures were taken at Bordon, when the Royal Artillery (Bordon) Drag Hunt Ball was held there not long since. Major-General the Hon. H. R. L. G. Alexander, who married Lord Lucan's daughter in 1931, was appointed G.O.C. 1st Division, Aldershot, early last year; he used to be in the Irish Guards and commanded them. H.H. personalities were present in the persons of Mrs. George Evans and her husband's joint-Master, Colonel Miles Courage, who, according to report, is going on alone when Mr. George Evans gives up at the end of this season. Brigadier T. G. G. Heywood, Brigadier Royal Artillery, Aldershot Command, was Military Attaché in Paris for four years. Lieut.-Col. G. S. Leventhorpe is O.C. 2nd Field Regt., R.A.

Photographs: Truman Howell



AT THE NORTHANTS YEOMANRY BALL: LORD
AMHERST OF HACKNEY AND MRS. BLACK



LADY CROMWELL WITH MR. D. G. BEVAN,
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE YEOMANRY



ALSO AT NORTHAMPTON: MR.
P. BUTLER-HENDERSON AND
MRS. PETER WIGGIN



LADY WHELER AND MRS. C. C. B. VACHER

This photograph and the one on the right show supporters of the Tring and District Farmers' Drag Hunt Ball, which took place at High Wycombe with every sign of success. Sir Trevor and Lady Wheler, who brought a daughter, live at White Gables, Amersham. Sir Trevor's baronetcy (he is the thirteenth holder) dates from King Charles II. days, and many of his forebears have been soldiers; one fought at Waterloo and another in the Indian Mutiny

Photographs: Swaebe and Arthur Owen



SIR TREVOR WHELER, MISS WHELER, AND CAPTAIN C. C. B.
VACHER, R.N., AT THE TRING FARMERS' DRAG HUNT BALL

The Northamptonshire Yeomanry, now the 25th Armoured Car Company, Royal Tank Corps, T.A., had their annual Ball at St. James's Hall, Northampton, and a particularly genial one it was. Mrs. Peter Wigg, whose husband, Captain Wigg, 11th Hussars, is Adjutant, looked very charming, and so did Lady Cromwell, a party-bringer from Misterton Hall. Mr. Patrick Butler-Henderson is Captain the Hon. Eric Butler-Henderson's second son. Captain Lord Amherst of Hackney, The Blues, was also at this good dance



Jack Hulbert says
“OVALTINE
helps to keep me fit”

LIKE so many leading “stars” of stage and screen, Jack Hulbert is enthusiastic in his praise of ‘Ovaltine.’ He writes: “Being continually on the stage in a big musical comedy like ‘Under Your Hat’ puts a big strain, both mentally and physically, on the players. Over a number of years I have found ‘Ovaltine’ the perfect restorative which helps to keep me fit to maintain, at every performance, the freshness of the first night.”

Many thousands of similar tributes to ‘Ovaltine’ have been received from men and women in every walk of life. Long practical experience has proved that there is nothing like ‘Ovaltine’ for maintaining fitness and energy throughout the most strenuous day, and for ensuring sound, health-giving sleep all night. For your health’s sake, make delicious ‘Ovaltine’ your daily beverage—and note the difference.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P.463A



THE LONDON WELSH XV.
BEAT THE LONDON IRISH

After ten consecutive defeats the London Welsh atoned for their past misdeeds by beating the London Irish at Herne Hill by nine points to three. Their play in the first half was very ragged, but after the change-over an amazing improvement set in and they were, consequently, able to get a good lead.

Names, l. to r.: (back) R. V. Howell (hon. sec.), H. O. Davies, Trevor Jones, J. A. Davies, A. Edmunds, D. P. Owen, D. King Davies, G. Warden (L.S.R.F.U.R.); (seated) L. E. Tanner, J. Ball, C. H. Davies (vice-capt.), B. J. A. Lowe (capt.), J. V. Davies, Glyn Davies, M. F. Giddings; (on ground) Andrew Davies, J. E. Maddocks

DEAR TATLER—

YOU will have noticed that the first match in the Inter-Services Tournament, between the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, was duly won, as was expected, by the Navy, by a goal and a try to a penalty goal. We always expect the Inter-Services matches to produce if not the cleverest at least the keenest of Rugby, but on this occasion it must be admitted that the play fell short, during most of the afternoon, of the high standard to which we have become accustomed. The first quarter of an hour, indeed, was curiously lacking in dash and pace, and though matters improved somewhat, it was not until the last quarter of an hour or so that the Air Force made some really desperate endeavours to pull the game out of the fire. Only then did G. A. Walker, the English stand-off half, really begin to make an impression on the game, and his efforts being well supported by D. M. H. Craven and by his forwards, they very nearly succeeded.

The famous Navy back row, J. K. Watkins, R. J. L. Hammond, and W. H. Crawford, played, of course, a great part in the victory. Watkins produced one of his finest games, and Crawford, perhaps, showed up to more advantage than he has done recently, whilst Hammond was, as ever, extraordinarily useful in defence and made the best use of his keen sense of position. Hammond, who has not yet been capped for England, must surely have been desperately unlucky, for he has been showing this brilliant form for a long time now, and some of the young gentlemen who have been preferred to him have been equally lucky. H. C. Lyddon, who was captaining the Navy, played one of his very best games. G. W. Vavasour emerged successfully from a duel with G. A. Walker, and he might surely have had a trial in this year when crack stand-offs are none too plentiful. An interesting figure in the Navy three-quarter line was M. G. MacLeod, a centre of considerable promise. If there is anything in heredity he should go far, since he is the son of K. G. MacLeod, who made such a name for himself thirty years ago. "K. G." retired from first-class football very early indeed, or he would have gained many more than the ten Scottish caps which stand to his credit.

For the Air Force E. J. Parsons, with safe hands and long kicking, played very well, whilst A. V. Rogers in the centre, and, of course, D. M. H. Craven on the wing, distinguished themselves. Craven, who turns out a good deal for Rosslyn Park, is one of the most promising men in his position, and may yet achieve higher honours. G. A. Walker had to cope

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

with the irrepressible Navy back row, and needless to say he, like most of his fellow halves, by no means got the best of the deal. No doubt he was being closely watched by some of the Selectors, who must be very carefully considering the claims of other candidates for Walker's job in the match against Scotland. L. Fox hooked for the Air Force with some success, and was also extremely useful in other departments, and received splendid support from J. Holland and C. H. Beamish.



Photos: Crisp

THE LONDON IRISH XV. WHO LOST TO THE LONDON WELSH

During the first half of the game the losers had almost all the play and were leading by a well-deserved penalty goal.

Names, l. to r.: (back) G. S. Barry (touch judge), W. B. Crouch, G. O'Gorman, J. Roe, A. Kelly, J. Daly, J. de Mestre, G. Warden (L.S.R.F.U.R.); (seated) D. Hennessey, T. P. Walsh, P. de Mestre, C. O'Rielly (capt.), J. L. Dillon, J. Woods, H. St. Gallaher; (on ground) A. Cocciollette, G. Y. Larmour

On Saturday next comes the second and most important match in the Inter-Services Tournament, the meeting of the Royal Navy and the Army, which is, of course, a far older fixture than those with the R.A.F. Last year, it will be recollected, the Royal Navy won by two goals to three tries, the sailormen owing their victory to Crawford's magnificent goal-kicking. A minute or two before time the Army led by three tries to a goal, and then the Navy scored again through fine work by Vavasour and Kirkby. Everything depended on Crawford's shot at goal from a perilously wide angle, and few will forget the silence which prevailed whilst he was taking his kick, or the frantic cheering which followed it. That was, perhaps, rather hard lines on the Army, and they are certain to make an even greater attempt for revenge this season. Apparently they are slight favourites, and they certainly have a goodly array of distinguished exponents of the game. They have a very sound full-back in S. I. Howard Jones, a wing of considerable experience in E. J. Unwin, and a centre in R. Leyland, who also knows the ropes. Also available is G. J. Dean, who captained the side last year and has played any amount of big football, whilst there are several forwards of credit and renown.

There seems to be, however, no reason for the Navy to be despondent about their chances, and one does not suppose that they will be. They have had the advantage of having had at least one game together, and in each department they have the makings of a very fine side. One thing, at any rate, is certain, there will be no complaints this time about a slack beginning, or any lack of energy during the match. For our part we expect to see the Navy win, always provided the famous back row gets going in its best form.

But on the same day, I am informed, the County Championship Final between Somerset and Warwickshire will be played at Weston-super-Mare. If this is true, Somerset will be deprived of the services of one of the best forwards in the country, in the person of J. K. Watkins, who will be on duty at Twickenham.



Things are looking....



....better after all

WHITBREAD AND THE NEWS

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SPORTING INSTINCT

A SKETCH BY JANET ROSS

CHARACTERS:

HE - - - A Sportsman—what?
SHE - - - A Sportswoman, if you think so.

NOTE.

This Sketch takes about fifteen minutes to play, and can be performed with a minimum of effects. Two chairs and a table are all that are essential to the action.

TIME: To-day: late afternoon.

SCENE: The parlour of an inn, on the Great North Road. Furnished in character. There is a table centre-back with some old periodicals on it. Up right a stand to hang coats on. A fireplace down right, a chair near it, a chair up left. A door up left, a door up right.

CURTAIN: SHE is seated in the chair near the fire, looking at an old "Tatler."

[HE enters, wearing a motoring coat; HE takes it off and hangs it on the stand up right.

SHE gives him a swift look, approves: HE lights a cigarette and glances at her. SHE lets her handkerchief fall. HE is quite alive to the old ruse.]

HE (gallantly picks it up): Ah! The dear old hankie! Allow me. (Offers it to her.) Yours, I think? . . .

SHE (bashfully): Oh! . . . er . . . yes—thank you so much. How careless of me!

HE (pleasantly): Wonderfully useful thing the hankie. A very old friend of mine. . . . Dashed if I know how we would get on without it—what? Everything would become so primitive. Don't you agree?

SHE (her eyes modestly on "The Tatler"): Oh! . . . er . . . I don't know.

HE: Don't you? Um-m! . . .

[SHE turns over the page: seems interested.]

. . . The news must be interesting! I know, there always is something so fascinating about last year's doings!

SHE (smiles): You do notice things, don't you?

HE: Yes: look at those fashion notes; they'll be useful. And the tips for racing too, of course. Tell me—why is a pub like a dentist?

SHE: I can guess that one. Why, you are just letting the bats out of the belfry!

HE (pretends to be crushed): Oh, I say! I am doing my best, poor mutt! I'll try something else.

[HE gazes at the ceiling for inspiration.]

SHE: Must you? . . . The strain, I mean—

HE (inspired): Do you like motor-cars . . . or aeroplanes best?

SHE: Neither! I ride the bicycle of my grandmother.

HE (impressed): Indeed? . . . How very interesting—

SHE: Yes: the local garage is worrying about her at the moment. She suffers—poor thing!—deflation!

HE: How sad! . . . And tell me—what make does your grandmother favour?

SHE: Mr. Ford V. Eight—

HE: Ah, what good taste!—I say, are you on your way north, too? Grouse, and all that?

SHE: Yes—er—my grandfather's house-party. . . .

HE: Um-m—a bit cluttered up with ancestry, aren't you?

SHE: Oh! I'm a connoisseur in antiques! But it is not grouse they harry—it's fish—or rather, *fish*.

HE: Good gracious! You know the vernacular!

SHE (resigned): I do. I know I am going to be bored to death.

HE: How sad!

SHE: I shall spend hours and hours hopefully watching an incredible-looking fly—a mere insult to any sensible fish. It's beyond me how people can concentrate on such a silly business.

HE: Shame! If you are a real sportsman, you love it . . . and the more the midges bite, the happier you are. Why, I can stay put for hours without batting an eyelid.

SHE: Well, I can't concentrate for five minutes—let alone for hours and hours!

HE (concerned): I say, that's a pity! Jolly good thing, concentration: it clears the mind: I do it a lot!

SHE (amused): I see—a sort of Yogi. Still, I bet you couldn't fix on anything for five minutes . . . if there was any distraction about—

HE: Good Lord! Of course I could! Why, you have only got to make up your mind—and stick to it.

SHE: I wouldn't bet on it if I were you!

HE: Of course I could—bet you anything you like!

SHE (rising gaily): What fun! Let's have a demonstration. It will pass the time till my Jemima's puncture is mended. Shall we?

HE (entering into the game): Right you are; I'm on. You choose anything you like in this God-forsaken room and I'll keep the optics on it for a flat five minutes.

SHE: Splendid! But what are we going to gamble on it?

HE: This is just money for jam—and I hate betting on a certainty. Let me see—what would I like of yours? I know: one of those devastating little curls. I will treasure it for a lifetime!

SHE (amused): Oh! And what are you going to stake against such a valuable heirloom?

HE: All that I possess. What about a couple of tenners? (Looks in his wallet.) But it is a shame to tantalise the poor child.

SHE: Don't you believe it. I am looking forward to going to Patu for an evening dress, for a change.

HE (takes out the notes and puts them on the table): All stakes on the table.

SHE: No; mine stays where it is—until lost. I can't afford to be reckless. Now, what would you like to gaze at?

HE: You!

SHE: Charming of you; but you see, I've got to do the distracting. (Smiles.) What about the dear old hankie?

HE: Fine! If you don't think we are over-working the poor dear thing?

SHE: Oh, no! She is very tough.

[SHE brings chair down from up left, puts her hankie over its back, puts her own bag and gloves on the seat of the chair.]

(Indicating chair right for him): Now, you sit there. Is that comfortable?

HE (sitting): Yes. I'm all right.

SHE: Now—keep concentrated on that useful little object—for five—whole—minutes!

HE: I see. But what are the rules? I've not got to stop breathing, or anything like that, have I?

SHE: No; I am going to be very kind to you. You may smoke; you may even talk to me; but you mustn't move from that chair, and you must not take your eyes off that hankie; and I shall try to distract you in any way—short of physical violence. Is that O.K.?

HE (settling in the chair): Rather! That's easy. Fire off the starting-gun.

SHE (looks at her wrist-watch): Right! They're off! Five minutes to go. Concentrate!

[HE gazes fiercely at the hankie. SHE moves off behind him, fidgets about, makes a scraping noise with her nail on some woodwork, gives a little squeal of pain.]

Aou!

HE: What the hell are you doing?

SHE: Fighting a mouse. He has bitten me!

HE: Unchivalrous blighter!

SHE: You don't like mice?

HE: Love 'em!

SHE: Pity. (SHE pauses; then, with great drama): What's that? (SHE runs out right; then returns. Shouts): Help! Fire! Help!

HE (superior): My dear girl—you can't catch me napping like that!

SHE (disappointed): Oh, dear! One minute gone—

[SHE has another idea: goes behind his chair, and strokes his face.]

HE: Jove! I like this! Um-m—um-m!

[SHE leans over him, slips her hand into his breast pocket, brings out his wallet.] (Continued on page 408)



Photographed at Bertram Mills Circus

DUNLOP FORT TYRES ALSO HAVE TEETH



Bertram Park

MISS HERSEY WILLIAMSON, A 1939 DÉBUTANTE

A recent picture of the elder daughter of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Williamson, who is being presented at one of the forthcoming Courts by her step-grandmother, Freda Lady Forres. The Hon. Gerald Williamson is Lord Forres' only brother

SPORTING INSTINCT—(Continued from page 406)

Here—I say!

SHE (looks in the wallet; imitates his tone): I say! You're pretty well off: it is jolly to see such a lot of money. Do you always carry so much cash—or am I just lucky?

[Her tone has changed on the last two words; HE feels a faint doubt. SHE goes towards door left.]

HE: Hullo! Where are you going?

SHE (at door): Never you mind—Sportsman! Two minutes have gone. Hold on to your concentration!

[SHE exits left.]

[HE fidgets; then, with his eyes still on the hankie, he manages to produce and light a cigarette: the match burns his finger.]

HE (muttering): Blast! (Brings out his watch.) No—I mustn't look at that. Where the devil has she gone? . . . Wonder if I'm a blasted fool? . . . This is a mug's game. What is she up to? Hang it! She's got all my cash. . . . Hell! . . . (Smokes furiously, fidgets, then calls out): I say! Goldilocks! Hi! Where are you?

SHE (enters left, with a sweet smile): Feeling anxious, honey? I was just having a peep at that car of yours—I adore cars—

HE (still a wee bit rattled): Do you? M-m-m. . . . What's the time now?

SHE (bantering): Dear me! He is finding the concentration quite a job, after all! You have just—two minutes to go.

HE: Your watch is—biased—

SHE (her tone still hardening): It's a dandy car and your taste in luggage is just sweet. My—er—brother would appreciate it. The self-starter worked like a bird, too. That wasn't a liberty, I hope? Now I'll just fix you up. I like to be on the safe side.

[SHE takes his hankie and ties one of his legs firmly to the leg of the chair HE is sitting on.]

HE (protesting): Here—I say! You can't do that!

SHE (resting her head against him for a moment): Don't you like my golden curls so near?

HE: Yes; but what about no physical violence?

SHE (rising as she speaks): But I'm not rough—just the perfect lady—and, you see, I don't want you to become violent.

[Standing away, SHE looks at him.]

You are a lovely sportsman! Fell for it like a lamb—and my finances were in a shocking state!

[Looks at her watch.]

Plenty of time: that kind of car gets away so well. I shan't forget to post the golden curl; I hope you won't think it too frightfully expensive!

[SHE takes up her bag and gloves from the chair left.]

One minute to go. . . .

[SHE sees her fur on the floor by the chair HE is sitting on: SHE had dropped it there when sitting in the opening.]

Good-bye, Gambler!

[HER bravado takes her too near him; SHE takes up the fur; his arm shoots out and seizes her wrist.]

Oh! Let me go!

HE: Not on your life! (A little grim.) You just stay by me—for the rest of that minute!

SHE (struggling): I won't! You beast! Let go!

HE: Don't be silly. You'll only hurt yourself. And I'm not taking my eyes off my job, either.

[SHE gives another struggle, then sways uncertainly, then slips, fainting, to the floor.]

Good Lord! What's happened? I say, she can't have fainted? I didn't hurt her—

[HE hastily unties his leg: HE bends over her, seizes the hankie, and fans her with it.]

Water! I must get some water—

[HE hurries left towards door. EXIT.]

[SHE raises herself on one elbow, arranges her hair: looks at her watch, and begins to laugh.]

[HE enters hurriedly with a glass of water; gazes at her with amazement.]

SHE (still laughing, shows her watch): A quarter of a minute to go. That was a near thing!

[SHE rises, collects the notes from the table.]

These are mine, anyway—and jolly useful, too.

HE (his feelings cannot be expressed in words): Well! I'm—

SHE (going to him and putting his wallet back): Don't say any naughty words! I shall have my new dress embroidered with gold fishes.

HE (still holding the glass of water, which slops out with his indignation): Piracy—that's what it is!

SHE: No—just a sporting instinct. (Sees her hankie hanging out of his side pocket.) Ah! My hankie! I wouldn't lose it for anything. (SHE whisks it out.) Good-bye!

[SHE goes to door left.]

[QUICK CURTAIN.]



Tunbridge

MISS RHONA WOOD—A RECENT PORTRAIT

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Wood, and the granddaughter of Sir John Wood and the Hon. Lady Wood, whom he married as his second wife in 1892. Mr. Edmund Wood served as a subaltern in the 2nd Life Guards during the war, and was later Member for the Stalybridge and Hyde division of Cheshire. He is chairman of the London Municipal Society, and Chief Whip of the Municipal Reform Party on the L.C.C.

This England . . .



Dartmoor from west of Lydford

THAT the English character changes little is nowhere so plain as in the simple pastimes of the people. Long, long ago when the groat was a coin of the realm there was a popular game called Shove-groat or Slyp-groat (or again, by the disapproving, Slide-thrift!) Our friend shove-ha'penny as you guess, played in the same way of a wintry night. Now much of the English character lies not in sheer strength but in strength *controlled*, and shove-ha'penny is a fair analogy. A steady preparation . . . "a nice lay for the top bed and" . . . home it goes. A blow differing not at all from the rest, it seems, except in that vital element of judgment. And "Two Worthingtons please" is a natural sequel. Judgment here, too, a liking for that which is in the old tradition; a beer well brewed, then as now . . . for Englishmen.



AIR EDDIES by OLIVER STEWART

Soaring Soars.

GLIDING is good for you. Realising that power-flying is making a grab for all the sky, gliding has suddenly rushed forward with the heart-cry: "My heavens, my heaven!" It is determined to keep its place in the sun, and will not be ousted even by armaments. Never before has motorless flight been going so well as it is at this moment. Since the subsidy, soaring figures have been soaring. There are more than 1200 gliding certificate-holders to-day, which is more than double that for the previous year, which is again more than double the number of the year before that. It is a case of double, double, winch and thermal. Soaring, like a clandestine canter to a coastal hotel, is a week-end business, and so the rate at which new licences are being gained should be measured against numbers of week-ends. At the present moment an average of six new gliding pilots are being trained every week-end, a figure which reflects glory upon the gliding clubs, the British Gliding Association, and all concerned in operation and administration.

We have not, in this country, anything like so many glider pilots as they have in some Continental countries. But over here the work of training and administering is done voluntarily, which makes a big difference. Moreover, the Government subsidy in this country only amounts to about half the price of a single military aeroplane a year. One hesitates to increase the demands for money made upon the Government; but it can hardly be contended that gliding is being lavishly subsidised.

Olympics.

A thing which should help to give gliding a further impetus — always supposing



T. R. KING, WINNER OF THE MITCHELL CUP AT NAIROBI

To win a prize against a large and more experienced field after only ten hours of solo flying is something of which to be proud. Anyhow, that is what this young member of the East African Aero Club did when he won the Mitchell Cup, "designed to prevent novices from developing an inferiority complex in unequal combat. Entrants have to complete two figures of eight at 500 feet and land without the engine, and points are awarded for general handling on the ground and in the air

being tested with a view to finding out which type would be best suited for the Games.

I think it is peculiarly appropriate that soaring should become part of the Olympic Games, for it is a very "human" sport, and also a very picturesque one. If riding is admissible, soaring certainly is—and that seems to be the way the Games authorities look on it.

Secrecy.

Completely inexplicable are the ways of the Air Ministry with its secrecy agreement with the newspapers. Every week for quite a long time there have been breaches of the agreement, and it seems that all that happens is that a sharp note is sent to the offending newspaper. Now everybody who knows news-editors, knows also that a sharp note, and especially one that says that a certain piece of news was "premature," is the highest compliment that can be paid him. So I do not feel that very much change will occur.

But even more astonishing than the breaches by newspapers of the Air Ministry agreement was the breach last week by the Air Ministry of its own agreement! For some inscrutable reason it suddenly permitted the speed and climb figures for the Supermarine Spitfire to be published. (And very good they are, too, with a top speed of 583 kilometres an hour.)

At the time, the Spitfire was on the part publication list, and it is still on that list at the time I am writing these notes. Now it is the ruling of the Air Ministry that precise performance figures may *not* be given for machines on the part-publication list.

The Air Ministry, by flouting its own regulations, makes one doubt whether those regulations are really made in the public interest at all. This is a point the Air Ministry must clear up, and the sooner the better.

The general public is ready to be kept in the dark if it is necessary in the national interest, and any suspicion that secrecy is being applied haphazard should be removed as early as possible.



F./O. DAVID BENNETT AND HIS WIFE AFTER THEIR WEDDING

The bridegroom is the only son of Commander and Mrs. Bennett, of Middleton-on-Sea, and the bride a daughter of the late Lieut. Firmin and Mrs. Blofield, of Lee-on-Solent. The wedding took place recently at St. Faith's Church at Lee-on-Solent

that the dictators refrain from pulling the string before then—will be the new Olympic Games gliding championships. In 1940, for the first time, soaring will be part of the Olympic Games in Finland. Exactly how the contests will be staged still remains to be seen, but it is settled that all pilots will use the same type of sailplane. At this moment, I believe, various types of German, Italian and Polish sailplanes are



GROUP-CAPTAIN H. V. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY

Snapped at the No. 8 Flying Training School at Montrose while watching pupils in the air. He has been C.O. of the station since its establishment in 1936, and has now been appointed to command No. 25 Armament Group at Eastchurch



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FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—(Contd. from p. 376)

The Heythrop (Continued).

trust this will not necessitate another bout of buskins. On Saturday we were at Langston Arms and had a good day. Hounds ran very fast over the Vale and the result was several falls, including our hon. secretary, who had a very nasty one over some rails. We imagine that this is one of the very few occasions on which he has had the worst of a deal in timber.

Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

Tuesday, at Newton Lodge, saw as usual a very large field out, and those who waited for the afternoon hunt were rewarded with a fine gallop to Charlton. Scent was very good on Wednesday from Horton, and Master gave us a really first-class day's sport. Friday was devoted to reducing the number of foxes around Boxwell, and was most successful. We finished up on Saturday at Foxley Green with a busy day once more around Pinkney. The Berkeley, from all accounts, have been having really brilliant sport and the Tuesday from Halmore Mill was voted one of the best Tuesdays for many a long day. There is no doubt that that country is one of the best scenting ones you can wish to find. The V.W.H. Crick Lads penetrated a long way in that good hunt from Minety, with no one within miles of hounds at times! Everyone was very sad to hear of the sudden death of the cheery and hospitable landlord of the Hare and Hounds Hotel, Percy Holloway. He will be greatly missed in the district. Captain Hartman is resigning the Joint-Mastership of the Southdown and will make Luckington his permanent residence. Hard luck on "The Major" having to sign so many certificates the other day and missing that good hunt!

From the Warwickshire.

The Moreton-Morrell Saturday fixture brought out a great crowd, but was more of a day for hound-work lovers than the "Saturday only" lot, who, most naturally, like to have all the galloping and jumping in the open they can get. First we dealt with Gar's bob-brushed fox—an old friend. Then he provided another, which they ran with great drive and cry through one after another of the Compton Verney and Mordaunt coverts—a great big fox—and, finding no respite in any, and unable to stand up any longer, he was killed in the Stable Yard at Walton, and Winnie lost no time in setting the cyder-tap flowing from the home of her birth. Not quite so costly an event, this, as when, years ago, they killed one in the conservatory there. At Barton House we were honoured by the presence of the Heythrop Master and his huntsman Durno. Like Jack Lawrence before him, Durno seems extra-fond of jumping and is a joy to watch, either when hunting his hounds or when, care-free, with ours.

A very small field turned out at Sherborne, and for the saddest of reasons—little John Ferguson's funeral, Andrew and Marian's son. He was bound to have been the right sort had he lived. Victor provided one fox after another: some from Leila's coverts, some from drains, entirely orthodox, and good sport all the day. At one time we were engulfed in the suburbs of Warwick, then scaling the ramparts of the Castle, in desperate anxiety for a few minutes lest hounds should topple over them to a fifty-foot drop. The day ended with a brilliant burst to the North Warwickshire border, hounds going at last where no one could follow them—into our most modern domain of high dairy and grass-drying farming. A most satisfying day, except for the sadness elsewhere.

From the Grafton.

A grand day was recorded when hounds met at Preston Capes, with a good sprinkling of "Weedonites" and M.F.H.s! They found at once in Hogstaffe, and ran fast to Everdon, and then turned back to Badby Wood, continuing through the covert. They hunted across Fawsley Park and past Hogstaffe again to Church Wood. Crossing the Charwelton road at a slower pace and on past Ganderton to Woodford Hill, they were beaten after a good hunt of some fifty-five minutes. Another fox from Ashby Pools retired to ground at once, and another from Spencer's Gorse repeated the offence in Griffin's Gorse! Hounds went to a holl'a by Daventry Turnpike and on to the Prior's Hardwick road,

where he turned on his tracks and went as far as Stirch. On Thursday the "Weedon Bachelors" threw a jolly cocktail party at the Barracks, which was hugely enjoyed by a vast quantity of the countryside and not less by the hosts themselves!

They found scent very poor when they met at Syresham on Friday, but it improved later in the day. From Whistley not much was done. Going to a holloa near Halse Copse they ran well for ten minutes, but to ground near Sulgrave. From Mr. Holden's rushes they raced away on the brush of a fox, and, running very fast, nearly to Painton, they were eventually beaten, after a good hunt of seventy-five minutes, the first thirty at racing pace and a six-mile point. We are sorry to hear that "Frankie" sustained a bad fall on Saturday, when hounds met at the Green Man, and was taken away in an ambulance.

From the Pytchley.

Scaldwell was the meeting-place to start the week of February 13. After some local hunting round the very unpleasant Brixworth workings, hounds found at Holcut covert and had one of the most enjoyable hunts this season. A very fast thirty minutes over the most perfect line of country to Wilmer Park. Every fence was jumpable and not a strand of wire. Those who must have had the best of the fun included Cis. Borwick, Rosemary Drummond, with Neil and George to represent the Life Guards.

There is little to be said about Wednesday and Friday. From Cold Ashby on Saturday they had an unlucky day. The hunt from the Fieldside was amusing, with any amount of jumping. The party at Mears Ashby, arranged by the "Clan," was well up to expectations.

From the York and Ainsty.

As I write, we have been enjoying sunny weather, with strong winds which have dried the country up considerably and made it much nicer to ride over. The South pack's meet at Streethouses (Tuesday, February 14) brought out a smaller field than is usual in this part of the country, and various coverts generally regarded as certainties were blank, including all the Steeton coverts, also Brocket Hagg, Copmanthorpe Wood and Colton Hagg. However, a fox from Oxtan, after running round the Master's house, was hunted to the Steeton, where hounds caught him, followed by another nice gallop from the Sicklepit at Nun Appleton and a short late afternoon hunt from Askham Bogs. The Thursday meet at Crayke Castle led to a somewhat disappointing day, as the local coverts were blank. However, a fox was killed in the Low Carrs, at Haxby, and another gave a short hunt before escaping. On the same day, the North pack met at Nidd Bridge and had two fairly good hunts, the first taking them over the river Nidd into the Bramham Moor country.

The South, on Saturday (February 18), met at Naburn for the first time this season, and had quite a nice little twenty-five minutes' hunt with a fox from Moreby Wood. Several blank draws were followed by a late afternoon gallop from Skipworth Common, through Cliffe Wood, and then in two big circles over the grass fields between there and Menthorpe, hounds being stopped at dusk after a capital seventy-five minutes. It's the fashion to despise the Skipworth country, but it has certainly given us some excellent sport this winter.

From Lincolnshire.

Recent bright sunshine has made it extremely pleasant to be in the saddle, but it has been no good for scent. The ploughs are now as dry as dust, and only on the grass have hounds been able to show their paces. After two postponements the Belvoir managed to squeeze in their fixture at Newton House on February 17, when Sir Oliver and Lady Welby did the honours well. It was more or less a woodland day, so that a large and fashionable field had ample time for coffee-housing, and most people went home with hardly a speck of mud on their boots!

On the following day, however, the Blankney did well, for they hunted an Aubourn fox over some of their best country in the Vale for eighty minutes, before losing near Torry's Plantation, a six-mile point and about ten as hounds ran! Twice the Brant was crossed and two, at least, were seen plumbing its depths. Another had a concertinaed topper! Sport with the other county packs has, like the curate's egg, been good in parts.

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THE TATLER
MARCH 1, 1939

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 399)

A book that I must hand over to my H.E. aerial colleague on this paper, has been sent to me, and I am sure will prove a thriller when I have had time to read the lot, for I know the author.

The book is called *Lighter Than Air*, and it is by Stephen Wilkinson, A.F.C., F.R.I.B.A., with a foreword by Major-General E. B. Ashmore, C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O., General Officer Commanding Air Defences, London, 1917. Commander First Air Defence Brigade, 1920-24. Illustrations by F. Matania, Bernard Hugh and the author.

This book deals with a little-known side of our war activities during the Great War. Full of anecdotes and adventures—amusing and otherwise—during hundreds of hours spent flying in lighter-than-air craft.

It ought to make exceptionally interesting reading at the present time when so much attention is being given to the formation of balloon barrages and anti-aircraft defence.

Knowing the author, as I have said, I was sure that we should get some fireworks, and we do. He did not get his Air Force Cross for nothing, and in peaceable times he builds some most admirable edifices, and is likewise a pretty good amateur actor. This book is published by Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd. Here is an extract which concerns me and also poor "Blottoh":

Later on in the year two French aviators arrived with two monoplanes, and did so much flying that in a very short time public interest began to wane and the sight of the "chirria sahibs" ceased to attract. Further interest was awakened, however, when Captain Brancker had some kind of a crash whilst flying with M. Jullerot at Allahabad. "Sabretache," now of *The Tatler*, in



MOTHER AND CHILD DOING WELL

Mrs. Wallaby and son (or daughter) at Dupplin Castle, where Lady Forteviot bred them. It is the first time that these most attractive animals have been bred in Scotland, and the news is that this mother and child are doing very well indeed

drawing a cartoon of the event at a military smoking concert in Calcutta, showed the most prominent thing to be seen during the fall to earth to be the eyeglass, without which Captain Brancker was never seen; and "Sabretache" said that the only thing not displaced on contact with the earth was the monocle, which was firmly fixed in its proper place. Thus began and ended the first aeroplane crash to take place in India, if one may except the attempt I have referred to on the monoplane at Calcutta.

* * *

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, need your help for an old lady aged seventy-three, in very reduced circumstances. Her husband died in 1937, leaving her penniless and dependent on her children, who themselves were not too successful. One son allowed his mother five shillings weekly, but his recent death deprived her of this income and she has now only twenty shillings weekly to cover all necessities. As her rent is eleven shillings weekly, she has a very small balance for comfort. The poor old soul finds her present poverty hard to bear, for she has known happier days and she now has the infirmities of old age to combat. Please, send us sufficient to promise her a few shillings weekly. The sum of £10 is all that is needed.

* * *

Africa Flight, a new play by Val Gielgud, was produced at the Richmond Theatre on Monday last, February 27. It is an exciting story of a celebrated airman who has been cashiered for causing a fatal accident at the Hendon Air Pageant. The cast includes Belle Chrystall, John Robinson, Martin Lewis, Mabel Terry-Lewis, Graveley Edwards, John Brooking, Barbara Dillon, Sydney Arnold and Alexander Sarner.

* * *

A CORRECTION

In our last issue on page 362 we stated that Mr. Derek Falcke is the son of Captain Shirley Falcke, whereas he is the son of Mr. David Falcke. Our apologies to all concerned.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by

M E. Brooke

STRIPES are news again in tailored suits; there is a difference, and that is that they must be arranged geometrically, with the cut so perfect that the stripes emphasize the fashionable silhouette. The ensemble pictured on this page may be seen in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor of Jay's, Regent Street. The dress is of wool moussé relieved with stitching. There are pleats in the front and at the back. The coat of saxony is a study in grey, red and black, and of course, the stripes have important roles to play. The dress and coat are 12½ guineas—surely a moderate amount for a spring outfit. It is not necessary for the coat to be striped. The entire scheme may be carried out in one colour or black. Furthermore there are ready-to-wear suits for 98s. 6d. A fact which cannot be made too widely known is that the spring brochure is ready and will gladly be sent on application. It simplifies the pressing problem of shopping by post



Picture by Blake



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SPRING SHOPPING BUSINESS: WHAT NOT TO MISS

Tailored Redingotes and Suits.

THE redingote has returned. to favour; it cannot be said that its eclipse has lasted many months in the Bradley Salons, Chepstow Place. There it is man-tailored, and nothing is allowed to pass the censorship that has not a flattering effect on the figure, cut and tailoring being of paramount importance. It was there that the model on this page was designed and carried out. The material is fine wool, cleverly stitched; note the manner in which it appears over the hips. The scheme is completed with a handkerchief vest, the hem of which is seen at the wrists. Made to order, it is twelve guineas. It is one of those affairs which will remain undated indefinitely. The accessories, including the hat and silver fox stole, increase its charm. In this connexion it must be mentioned that in addition to the lovely fur coats there are accessories that have been specially created for spring wear. There are capelets of broadtail with unusual collars, and others of seal which are endowed with an atmosphere of youth allied with sophistication.

"Beauty in the Balance."

AN easy natural posture is the foundation of good health as well as good looks. Native women move with an effortless grace, and the contrast between their easy walk and the stiff or careless postures so common among "civilized" people is sharply pointed in an interesting colour film, made by the manufacturers of Berlei foundation garments. Called "Beauty in the Balance," this shows how a faulty silhouette can affect a woman's appearance, her walk and, in fact, her whole attitude. Five leading ladies find their besetting faults of figure and posture miraculously improved when they wear the correct Berlei garment for their type. These are not difficult to discover, for the Berlei research workers have analysed different figures and grouped them so that the right corset can always be provided from stock. The film also shows how closely Berlei keep in touch with fashion, adapting their garments to tiny waists and strapless shoulders. Women who have any figure problems should certainly see this film, which will be shown at Derry and Toms, High Street, Kensington, during the week beginning March 6.

A Masque with a Difference.

WINTER leaves its mark on the complexion, which so often looks dull and lifeless in the first bright sunshine. Only a really stimulating treatment will have any lasting effect, such as that provided by the "Masque d'Hollywood," evolved by Anne-Natalie Ouvry, 16 Brook Street, W.1. This does far more than merely clean and soften the skin. By a glandular exchange it alters the segregates and stimulates the circulation, carrying away waste matter that may have been accumulating for years. Before applying the masque, cleanse the face thoroughly and pat one of Madame Ouvry's Hormone Creams into the entire surface of the face and neck. There are six different kinds, to suit all types of skin. Then, having softened the masque in hot water, spread it quickly but smoothly over the face, lie down, and relax for at least half an hour. At the end of this time the masque can be peeled off in one complete piece, leaving a firm, vital skin. Every line and wrinkle is impressed on the masque, so during a course of six applications the improvement in the texture of the skin can



SUITED TO THE SPRING AT BRADLEY'S

be clearly seen. If you cannot visit the salons, write for their very informative booklet, which tells you exactly how to apply the masque and other preparations.

Nourish your Skin with Soap.

ALL women know how nourishing A creams and toning lotions improve the skin, but too often treatment stops short at the shoulders. Strapless evening dresses, brief sun-frocks and swim-suits demand a youthful, supple skin, and it is to achieve this "beauty all over" that Jane Seymour, 21-22 Grosvenor Street, has produced her new Bath Soap. This is quite different, however, from ordinary soaps. It is not made with the usual fats, but has special nourishing and toning properties that act like a skin food and toning lotion combined. Anyone who has a prejudice against soap and water will find that this soap is as effective as a cream for the body, but easier to use. It will soon, in fact, be part of the regular bath routine, and shoulders and arms will become smoother to do justice to the new spring clothes. This soap can be seen in the salons, or can be bought almost anywhere for 3s. a tablet.

Transformation Scene.

SPRING sunshine is merciless to depressed-looking curtains and covers, but new ones, carefully chosen, can make your rooms look as if they had been completely re-decorated. The Old Bleach Linen Company, whose London address is 26 Berners Street, W.1, has worked out a series of schemes based on plain colour grounds with charming and original embroidery. A well-lit bedroom, facing south, would look delightful hung with oatmeal linen and rayon material embroidered in a delicate sprig pattern. If your room is rather dull, brighten it with coloured linen strewn with cheerful clumps of sunflowers, partly in appliqué and partly embroidered. All the colours are fast, so they never look tired or faded. These and many other designs are illustrated in an attractive booklet which will be sent on application.

Hands on the Table.

EVERYBODY notices your hands and, perhaps unconsciously, judges you by them. If they have become rough or wrinkled during the cold weather, now is the time to get them into shape for the spring. Regular care is, of course, essential. It is useless to apply a preparation once or twice and hope for miraculous results. Every day, after washing, a few drops of Bronnley's "Ess Viotto" should be rubbed into the skin. It keeps the hands soft, smooth and fragrant, a fitting background for the bright new shades of nail varnish. "Ess Viotto," which can also be used for the complexion, is sold practically everywhere from 1s. 6d.

Cut for the Country.

THE problem of the weekend wardrobe can be solved all through the spring by one stand-by, the woollen suit. Travel down in it, under a topcoat; wear it for racing and on the golf course. There are some especially attractive Twomax suits in angora, with contrasting jackets and skirts. One model has a striped skirt and plain tailored jacket, fitting closely at the waist. Another has an unusual tri-colour coat. The Twomax specialities are sold practically everywhere, but in case of difficulty, write to McClure and McIntosh, Twomax Knitting Mills, Glasgow.

It has come!

NEW HEALTH-BROTH

Modern dieticians tell us that our diet should include an abundance of organic minerals and vitamins. Yet those are the very elements missing from most "civilised" foods. Vegetables are a valuable source of these vital elements, yet few of us eat sufficient.

SOOVY HEALTH-BROTH, "Nature's own food," is made from sun-grown vegetables, herbs and fruits—orange, celery leaves, yeast, tomato, carrot, pimento, okra, Irish moss, onion, garlic, chilli, parsley, celery seed, spinach, watercress, barley. These valuable natural foods, de-hydrated by a unique process, give you in easily assimilable form the organic minerals and vitamins that are absolutely essential to true health.

New, delicious, sustaining, savoury, SOOVY restores the vital mineral balance of the body, aids the digestion, purifies the blood, keeps the skin clear, the nerves soothed, the bones and teeth strong. Easy to make and delicious to take—hot, savoury, comforting. Just add hot water or milk.

SOOVY

THE NEW Health-Broth

From all Health Stores and Chemists
1.9 (21 cups), 3.3 (42 cups), 6- (84 cups)



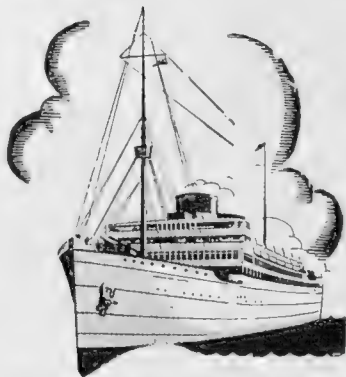
SOOVY GUARDS AGAINST DIET DEFICIENCIES which lead to these DISEASES

DISEASES CAUSED BY DEFICIENCY	MINERALS IN SOOVY
ANAEMIA HEADACHES WEAKNESS	IRON
STOMACH TROUBLES CHILBLAINS ECZEMA	CALCIUM
RHEUMATISM KIDNEY TROUBLE STOMACH TROUBLE	SODIUM
UNDERWEIGHT SKIN DISEASES MALNUTRITION	MAGNESIUM
HEART DISORDERS ACIDOSIS CONSTIPATION	POTASSIUM
INSOMNIA BRAIN FAG NERVOUS EXHAUSTION	PHOSPHORUS

TRIAL SUPPLY FREE!*

To: Modern Health Products Ltd., 52 Natex House,
38, Langham Street, London, W.1. Please send
me a generous free sample, free of charge, also
interesting literature. I enclose 1d. in stamps for
postage.

NAME
ADDRESS



£1:14:8 (CANADA £1:9:3) SENDS
THE TATLER TO
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for SIX MONTHS

For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive THE TATLER every week—full of news and interesting pictures of home. For the modest sum

above, our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting. Just write to The Publisher, 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Re-sculpture your contour



Let Helena Rubinstein give you back the firm, clean-cut, classic contour of youth! Her Electro-Tonic Treatments re-sculpture your face and throat, banish relaxed tissues, and overcome lines and puffs beneath the eyes.

If your problem is dull, course, sallow skin, have the new Oxylation Treatment. Live oxygen filtered through a refreshing herbal vapour clears away all drabness and discolourations, brings the fine texture and radiance of youth.

And if you would be your own Beauty Specialist, enjoy a Beauty-Lesson Treatment that will bring back beauty to dry, chapped skin, put sparkle and youth into tired, lined, eyes and teach you how to care for your complexion and contour at home. Lesson and Treatment complete 12/6.

Visit the Mayfair Salon for expert beauty advice and ask to see the make-ups for the new spring couturiere colours. Consultations are complimentary.

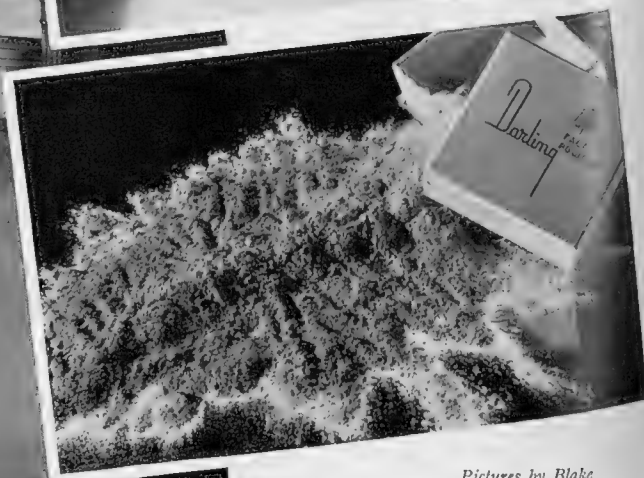
helena rubinstein

(helena rubinstein Ltd.)

24 GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.
PARIS Regent 5231 NEW YORK

In Search of BEAUTY

"BEAUTY has come to town and has stolen the limelight from those who have neglected her in the past," Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 130 Regent Street (her preparations are sold everywhere), is giving beauty lessons combined with treatments which are really a series of personal discussions on the cause of skin faults, with specialized regimes for their correction according to authoritative dermatological principles. Furthermore, particulars of these lessons will be sent on application. Without correct moisture flowers fade, and without Luxuria so does the skin. Rich in oils, it recharges parched skin with needed moisture. As a matter of fact, it makes it smooth and clear and young with a youth that fears no birthday. Very interesting is the fact that Harriet Hubbard Ayer has proven that powder problems are a matter of weight, as the skin requires a special powder balanced to its individual needs. Now, it must be remembered that eyes never have a vacation, therefore the new cosmetic Eye Cream (5s.) is of paramount importance. It is as delicate as a cobweb, containing specially processed oils that soften eye lines invisibly.



Pictures by Blake

The Novel Invention in Cigarette Blending



20 for 1/-
Easy to smoke!



Won't you please come
to our Spring Opening
Tuesday, March seventh,
1939, at three o'clock....

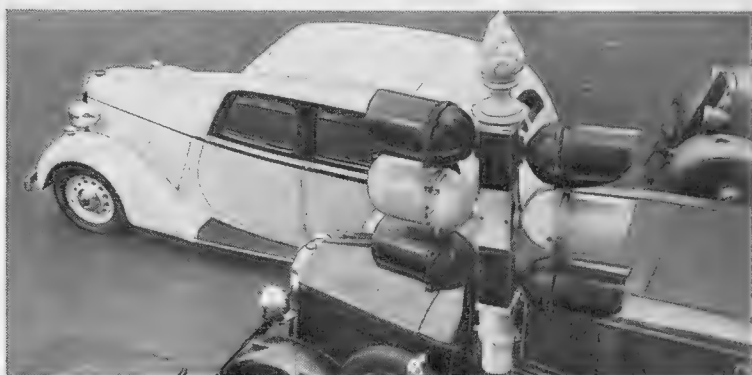
Marjorie Castle Ltd.
55 Grosvenor Street
R.S.V.P.

The car that gives you EVERYTHING

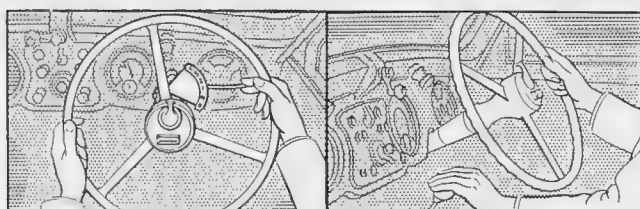
All the features you want in a car are in one car, at last! A sensible, *sizeable* car with ample room for five. Startling performance in the modern style — nimble get-away and a cruising gait in the sixties. Independent front wheel springing to give superb steadiness at 70 and over. A choice of gear controls — Daimler fluid flywheel transmission or synchro-mesh and clutch. Delightfully easy but positive steering, graceful flowing lines. You can have them *all* in the new LANCHESTER Roadrider — the car that gives you *everything*.



Roomy is more than a sales-phrase here — it's a fact. There's head-room, elbow-room and leg-room in the back. In the medium h.p. class, it's a big car.



Big, roomy — but very light for the power her engine develops. Hence the snap in this Lanchester's performance. Lively get-away in traffic — effortless 70 in the open.



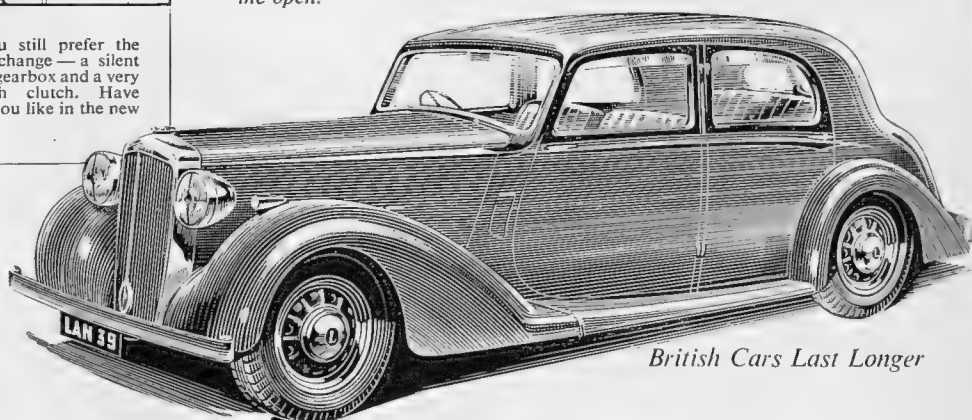
Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission — gears that you pre-select without taking your hand off the wheel. No gear lever, no clutch — a great help in traffic driving.

Instead, if you still prefer the ordinary gear-change — a silent synchro-mesh gearbox and a very sweet, smooth clutch. Have which system you like in the new Lanchester.

SPORTS SALOON or
SIX-LIGHT SALOON . . £375 } TAX
with synchro-mesh gearbox £350 } £10 . 10

Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission is licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents

Learn more about this splendid car. Send a postcard to the Lanchester Motor Co., Coventry, for free illustrated Catalogue and name of your local Lanchester dealer.



British Cars Last Longer

The new LANCHESTER Roadrider

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD., COVENTRY. LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: THE CAR MART LTD., 3/5, BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1

"THE TATLER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION

THIS FREEDOM SPRING ON THE ROAD

By JOHN PRIOLEAU

garages may be of any kind—built-in, attached, detached or public—but wherever or whatever they are; from enlarged bicycle sheds to centrally-heated cement palaces, that is where they make plans, those opti—I mean pessimists, here and in the little back room. Nothing except war itself waged by and in England can interfere with those plans, and even then it would probably have to be brought to their attention with a bomb. For in that committee-room of the soul, where freedom is real, no such distractions are admitted.

The plans are pretty good, the plans that are first laid before the committee today, pretty good and big. Nothing likely to be pleasant is left out of them; there are no restrictions of any sort. For from this very minute there are only two things in the whole world that matter, your car and the places you intend to drive it to. Outside that garage, that little back room, imbeciles are muttering something about not being able to afford to spend money with Europe in the melting-pot or some other equally improbable situation, chattering nonsense about This Not Being the Time for It—as if it wasn't always the Time for It—but you do not hear them. Spring is here, or will be in almost no time, and the whole of your attention must be given to things of real importance.

Let us suppose the mutterers have their way, and, although you don't agree with their reasons, you do not rush madly out and, after a



AUSTIN "TEN" CAMBRIDGE
SALOON

photographed in the lovely old-world
age of Stanton in the Cotswolds.
This is the de luxe model with sliding
roof and so worth the little extra

THE great day has come
round again, this year the
first of March, as ever was,
and nobody with a car needs
have it explained to him. It is
a day of liberation, of an emanci-
pation such as no nation groaning
(they say) under the heel (iron,
course) of governments with big
s ever imagined. We are free
winter, and if we are not just yet
in position to fling its garments of
entance (fur coats) into the fires
(li-moth bags) of spring, at least
know that it is only a question
time. Nothing can stop it now.
The road is open again.

always rash, prophecy about
nothing grows daily more fool-
ly as Cabinets meet, ambassa-
dors dart like fireflies in mufti across
half the world, "drives" are started and headed off, speeches
(my hat, what speeches!) are screamed into a thousand million
tough ears. Every day in every way the poor old world is
hustled into a new position of indignity and anxiety, frightened,
annoyed, kept in suspense, bored by people who talk and write
too much and too often and who are altogether too numerous.
Every day you open your paper prepared to read any frightful
thing, only momentarily relieved if another deadly inter-
national insult has not been hurled at somebody—because it
will certainly be announced in the evening papers or on the air.

And in their offices and when they meet each other at
tables and pubs and tees, in theatre lobbies, clubs, cinemas,
and, no doubt, in Darkest Africa, everybody says they can
make no plans about anything until the crisis of the minute is
over. Being British pessimists, that extremely subtle breed,
half ostrich, half Machiavelli, they don't really mean it and
they put up this barrage of gloom partly in order to maintain
the tradition that the country is still on its long, long journey
to the dogs, those perpetually disappointed hounds; mainly
in order to discourage any display of unsuitable patriotism.
It's funny how this old trick works as it does.

These things they do in their offices and all the other places
I have mentioned, but not in their, as it were, spiritual garages
nor in the little back room where they keep the maps. Their



THE MORRIS "TEN/FOUR" SERIES M
O.H.V. MODEL

For a "ten" this model is exceptionally roomy,
and has a very good road performance. Note
the absence of running boards

suitable
interval for
breathing on
showroom
windows, rush
madly in and
buy a new car.
It's always nice
to buy a new
car, but unless
the old one is
very, very old
indeed, rheu-
matic in her
movements
and unpleasant
in her habits,
suffering from
some chronic
malady for
which there is
no cure (I have
just met one of
these—it's
(Continued on page x)



A HILLMAN "MINX" SALOON IN
THE FRENCH ALPS

A really fine, lively, little car, with a performance
far above its horse power. Ideally suited for
really hard work and minimum of attention



A VAUXHALL "TWELVE" IN A WELSH SETTING

The photograph of this popular car was taken on the almost impracticable road from Devil's Bridge to Rhayader in the wilds of Wales

depressing) unless, I say, she is no longer a thing of life and has become a permanent blot on the pass-book, let it go and build yourself a new one instead of buying it. It's just as good fun, in at least one way, because you can do it every spring and it is a proper spring job.

No, I don't mean official building, blueprints and all that, including a cheque for several thousand pounds and bitter disappointment at the end, but the rebuilding of the old love, the complete overhaul, the well-thought-out renewals, the tender care; the tuning-up, the buying of agreeable things for her, especially the buying of agreeable things. Sounds too much like work? Not in March, believe me, who hates all there is to be hated about work; particularly work in a dark, cold, grimy garage, smelling of old rags and stale petrol. In March, in this splendid month just bursting upon us, nothing you do to your car is work, everything pleasure of the sort that is kin to happiness. You are not just doing chores when you clean filters, even those which have to be painfully extracted in the dark from underneath; the emptying, flushing out and refilling of a gearbox, if a labour at all, is one of the purest love; the application of the grease-gun to about thirty points, and finding half of them hermetically bunged up, a diversion over which you whistle as if in your bath—careless of fate, touching no other wood but the match for your cigarette.

You do these things and many more, such as the purification of petrol leads and carburettors; the touching up of platinum points; the search for frayed cables, both electric and brake; the spraying of springs; the checking of brakes; the fearful peering into the sullen mysteries of the dynamo, that sleepless traitor; the removal of the usual young landslide of mud caked on to the bottom of the crankcase, so admirably ribbed as it is for the cooling which said mud so effectively prevents; the tracing of body squeaks (even this cannot for a moment dim

This Freedom

(Continued from page ix)

the sunshine of your mood); the last mucking-out whereby unsuspected and abhorrent masses of assorted filth are brought to the shocked light of day and those who have stood hour by hour at your side with abundant advice say they had no idea that your car was always so incredibly dirty, and why don't you keep her decently. All these things you do with a song in your heart if with nameless horrors on your face, your hands, in your nails and hair and on every inch of your clothes, because when all is done you will have rebuilt your car and put her in shape to meet spring as she should be met and, after her, summer and autumn. Glowing from the polishing rag, the Hoover and the chamois, her new tyres with the right amount of wind in them, her oil renewed, her tank full, she stands in the sunlight of the yard the very spirit and embodiment of spring.

Having thus paraded her and sufficiently admired her in her natural glory, you pass on to the little back room where the maps are. Of these pictures of the world it is to be hoped you have as many as there are to buy. (A minor Alexander, myself has sighed these many years because the witless mapmakers make no new maps for me to buy: all they do is to issue editions with by-passes and golf-links marked on them, forsooth). For at the opening of spring you cannot just look up the way to the Hog's Back or Llandudno and leave it at that. Having refitted your car—or, alternatively, having bought that new one from behind the well-breathed-on plate glass—you've got to do something to justify your loving care, herself and yourself. Take first the map of Europe on such a scale that you can distinguish France from Italy, Switzerland and Spain, across the room. This saves you getting up to verify a frontier when you are busy tracing a road. (Yes, I know the Machostriches say that by April all frontiers will have been effaced, all roads barricaded, enfiladed and blown up, but nobody listens to them.) Then sketch airily and in the air a pleasant route from, say, Gairloch to the Isle of Wight, Bruges to Vienne-on-the-Rhône, Paris to Palermo. Do it the grand style, as a painter does, making

(Continued on page xviii)



A 4½-LITRE BENTLEY SOMEWHERE IN SURREY

This very smart Bentley with a Hooper two-seater body is the ideal car for fast touring in all weathers

will have been effaced, all roads barricaded, enfiladed and blown up, but nobody listens to them.) Then sketch airily and in the air a pleasant route from, say, Gairloch to the Isle of Wight, Bruges to Vienne-on-the-Rhône, Paris to Palermo. Do it the grand style, as a painter does, making



THE 3½-LITRE S.S. "JAGUAR" SALOON

This is one of the fastest cars on the road, and for the man with limited means represents exceptionally good value for the very reasonable outlay

MORRIS RECORD SALES are the finest

ASSURANCE POLICY

when buying a car

When the enthusiasm of the owner for his car is renewed every time he uses it, when he cannot help but talk and tell everybody how pleased he is with his car, then and only then are record sales created.

Just because record sales arise from this spontaneous enthusiasm, they are the finest assurance policy you can have to "cover" you when buying a car. You can know beforehand you are making the right choice, getting the best value, the finest motoring—because in Morris record sales actual owners are telling you so.

THE PUBLIC ARE THE BEST JUDGES

—and the experts bear out their opinion of

THE MORRIS 12-4: "An uncommonly successful car" . . . "Very definitely out of the usual run" . . . "Remarkable all-round performance" . . . "A world beater."

TWELVE-FOUR (as illustrated) from £205 ex works.

PEOPLE TALK - that's the foundation of
MORRIS *success!*



THE ARMSTRONG - SIDDELEY "SIXTEEN" TOURING SALOON

This medium-powered model is one of the most popular in this famous firm's range. The actual photograph was taken outside the gates of Stanford Park, Leicestershire

Hotels Het-up.

THE hotting up of English hotels almost invariably leads to the hetting up of English hotel keepers. My gentle protest in these columns the other week at being served at a wayside hotel bearing R.A.C. and A.A. signs with dishes whose insipidity and uncompromising lack of voluptuous appeal suggested that they consisted of scrambled social workers garnished with chopped members of the morality council, led to certain vigorous if not violent protests. Let me tell the more frantic of my correspondents that I am impenitent; that I repeat, quite bluntly and on incontrovertible evidence, that English hotels are generally bad. There may be exceptions. If so I am anxious to know of them. One letter did proclaim that good English cooking could be had at a certain inn at South Stainley. That is a challenge which I shall hope one day to accept if I get the chance, and, if I find the cooking there is indeed good, no one will be a more energetic publicist for it than I.

For the rest, I should like all incensed hotel keepers to know that for every letter which accused me of maligning the English hotel, I had one from a motorist supporting what I had said. I cannot help quoting from one of these letters:



CAPTAIN BLACK ON A VACATION AT MÜRREN

The managing director of the Standard Motor Co. is one of the most ardent winter-sporters, and would never miss a Swiss season unless there were some very good reason for it

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

"Many a day's motoring," writes my correspondent, "has been spoilt for me exactly by the reason which you so admirably describe in 'Petrol Vapour,' and as a member of the motoring public I want to offer you my thanks for drawing attention to these conditions." Note that, please, you "inaccurate and misleading," and you, "running down your own country," and even you (I liked this particularly), "abusive balderdash, sir."

Congestion Rules.

WE still await the Minister of Transport's decision about those proposed and much-protested-against no-waiting regulations. In one comment upon the official consideration of these regulations I see the astounding statement that the minister's difficulty consists in finding any other way of reducing traffic congestion. Now, if we leave aside the building of roads, if we assume that the Bressey Report, now more than a year old, will never be anything more than a report, there are still ways of reducing traffic congestion in London without attacking the interests of the private motorist. There is even one way of doing so without eliminating redundant omnibus circulation—a potent cause of congestion, but one which ministers are frightened to tackle.

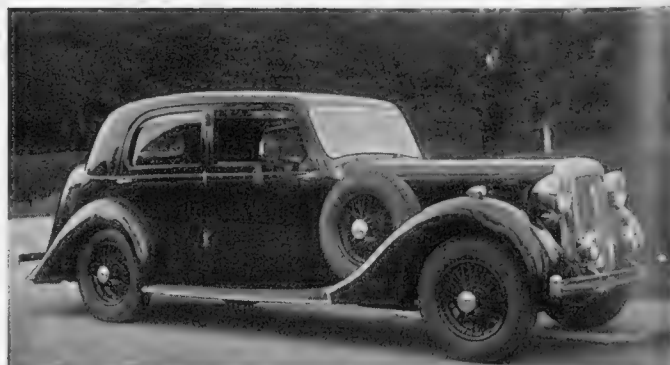
The anti-congestion measure I mean would consist of two simple regulations: keep to the left whether moving or stationary, and, no turning within the street. All experienced drivers who really know London traffic conditions will agree that these two measures would do more to reduce congestion than all the no-waiting regulations ever devised. It is unnecessary to study traffic flow along a main thoroughfare at moments of extreme congestion to see that it is the turning vehicle—mostly the taxi—and the vehicle pulling across traffic streams to get to the left away from a stopping place on its wrong side—mostly the private motor car—that causes most of the trouble. It is a lesson in traffic flow to go up to a high window overlooking Piccadilly at a moment when the streets are crowded and there is sudden heavy rain. This is when the biggest jams occur and you will see the taxi cabs patrolling up and down perhaps 500 metres of street, turning at each end, until they have all got their fares and are all jammed up in the most hopeless muddle.

(Continued on page xx)



THE FOURTEEN H.P. LANCHESTER "ROADRIDER" DE LUXE

This is an extremely smart drophead coupé body with something of a Continental flavour about it. When down the hood folds into a recess and lies flush with the body



THE DAIMLER "TWENTY-FOUR" SPORTS SALOON

This car combines the best of smooth, silent travel with a fast open road performance and has the same chassis refinements as the famous straight-eight models

*"I could still review
it very favourably if its
price were to be doubled"*

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN

in "Britannia & Eve"



Its exhilarating performance, ease of handling and effortless cruising at speed have earned for the 3½ litre Jaguar the very highest praise from press and public alike. 3½ litre Saloon £445. (Drophead Coupe £465). 2½ litre Saloon £395. (Drophead Coupe £415). 1½ litre Saloon £298. (Drophead Coupe £318).

MANUFACTURERS: S.S. CARS LTD., COVENTRY. LONDON SHOW-
ROOMS: HENLYS LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1.

J A G U A R



A ROLLS-ROYCE "PHANTOM III"
IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

The above model is fitted with a Hooper Sedan de Ville body and represents the acme of dignified luxury and beauty

Good Omens.

The omens are favourable for motoring in 1939. The statistics, after suffering several set-backs, are now tending towards set fair. Manufacturers are preparing for a good season. Applications for driving licenses are increasing in number. Now is the time for all good men—and women—to take to the road. The enjoyment they will get from so doing will depend largely upon making a good start and in these notes I propose to say something about choosing a first car and about obtaining the necessary authorizations to handle it.

Those who are taking to motoring for the first time are often advised to buy a second-hand (the trade prefer the euphemism "used") car, and to obtain their early experience with that. They are told that it would be a pity for them to damage a nice new machine and that any old thing is good enough to start on. Now although I have no objections to used cars and although, when I look back, I note that some of the machines which gave me the most enjoyment and the best service were bought second-hand, I am hesitant to advise a used car for the beginner.

Easy Control.

First of all the theory that a beginner is bound to damage a car is without the smallest foundation. In these days of general understanding about motoring and of skilled driving instruction, there is no need to expect that any damage to either coachwork or mechanism will occur during the training period.

Another thing that makes me rather incline to the view that, for the beginner, the new car is actually better than the used one, is that, on the whole, trouble is less likely with the new car. Trouble, even of a minor kind, is apt to disconcert a beginner and so tend to hold up his training. The modern car is extraordinarily easy to control, the slight stiffness of a new engine is no disadvantage and in all I can discover no valid reason for insisting that the beginner should buy second-hand.

Size and Power.

Equally fallacious seems to me the contention that the beginner should select a small, low-powered car. If that is the car that suits his requirements best, well and good, but it is no easier to handle a small low-powered car than a big high-powered one—always provided there is equal merit in design. The



THE NEW DODGE "SIX" TOURING SALOON

The latest model to come from that famous transatlantic firm photographed in a lovely wooded setting

the motor car and the other concerned with the licensing of the driver. They are in some respects co-related; but not in all. Thus the applicant for a driving licence must affirm his knowledge that it is an offence to drive a motor car for which the proper insurance or equivalent security is not in force; but he does not—in his licence application—have to prove that the car he intends to drive is insured. When the motor car licence

(Continued on page xvi)



THE "FOURTEEN/SIXTY" TRIUMPH DOLOMITE ROYAL SALOON

This is one of the best all-round cars that this firm has turned out and it has a remarkably fine road performance

A GOOD START FOR 1939 MOTORING

By JOHN OLIVER

smallest and lowest-powered car can be dangerous in the hands of a dangerous person, and the largest, fastest and highest-powered car can be absolutely safe in the hands of a safe person.

Modern training methods reach the fundamentals of good driving and do not rely upon a driver being prevented from going too fast because his car is incapable of doing so; they rely upon him not going fast because his understanding of road situations tells him not to. I have known small women learn, *ab initio*, in enormous motor cars with engines of thirty and forty horse-power; and I have known large men learn in tiny motor cars with engines of seven horse-power. When the aptitude is equal, the results are equal. So my advice about the car is to choose one that suits the motoring requirements and to let the learning look after itself. The car can be new or used, but there seem to me to be slight advantages in the new car.

Procedure.

And now for a few brief reminders of the elaborate ceremonial which attaches—by law—to the possession and use of a motor car, and to the driving of a motor car on what the authorities rejoice in calling the "public highway." Where a driving school is used, the procedure will be unfolded as you go and advice will be at hand for the filling in of forms. But without a driving school, there is nothing very difficult about the procedure; it is merely rather boring.

There are the two main branches; one concerned with the licensing of the motor car and the other concerned with the licensing of the driver. They are in some respects co-related; but not in all. Thus the applicant for a driving licence must affirm his knowledge that it is an offence to drive a motor car for which the proper insurance or equivalent security is not in force; but he does not—in his licence application—have to prove that the car he intends to drive is insured. When the motor car licence

The AUSTIN '28' at £595

IS NEWS!



AN entirely new model—news at the Motor Show: news wherever motorists gather to discuss and compare. The Austin '28' Ranelagh Limousine is a most luxurious car, with all the famous Austin dependability. The long wheel-base of 11 ft. 4 in. gives a magnificent sweep to the lines of the car and provides spacious comfort inside.

Most people will use this as a chauffeur-driven car, and the passenger compartment has been very carefully planned. Both engine and gearbox are mounted in 'live' rubber, and the steel panels, doors and floors are fully insulated against heat and noise. Ventilation is draught-free and easily adjustable.

Owners, who may sometimes wish to drive themselves, will find both the steering and synchromesh gear-change delightful to handle. The smooth six-cylinder engine rated at 27.75 h.p. has a high compression aluminium head and a b.h.p. of 90 at 3,200 revs. giving a distinctly lively performance to the car.



FULL COMFORT for five at the back. Notice the wide doors and fully upholstered forward-facing occasional seats. The rear seat is adjustable and folding footrests and softly upholstered armrests are also provided.



ENGINE AND CHASSIS: The 4016 c.c. 6-cylinder engine has inclined side valves and a detachable head, down-draught carburation, anodised aluminium pistons, a 4-bearing crankshaft with vibration damper and 'live' rubber mountings. Outstanding features are pressure lubricated tappets and floating filter pick-up for the oil pump. Transmission is from 4-speed gear-box with synchromesh for 2nd, 3rd and top through two-piece propeller shaft to three-quarter floating rear axle. Powerful Girling brakes. Hydraulic shock absorbers and built-in Jackall Jacks. 12-volt electrical system with compensated voltage control and automatic advance and retard.

BODY AND EQUIPMENT: Seven seats fully upholstered. Sliding glass partition. Partition blind and passenger-controlled rear blind. Sliding rear quarter windows. Fitted telephone, thick carpets and many other interior fittings. Pistol-grip handbrake enabling driver to leave by nearside door. Dual electric screen wipers, twin horns, sun visors. Illuminated instruments. Automatic return direction indicators. Chromium-plated lamps and fittings. Totally enclosed spare wheel and tyre. Generous luggage accommodation with two fitted suitcases.

Price at works **£ 595**

Have you seen this month's Austin Magazine?

AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

BRITISH CARS—BEST IN THE LONG RUN
7.G.39

A Good Start for 1939 Motoring

(Continued from page xiv)



THE NEW TWENTY-SEVEN H.P. HUMBER "SUPER SNIPE"

All cars made by this firm are noted for their extraordinary top gear performance, and this more or less newcomer is no exception

is applied for, however, proof of the insurance is demanded.

Driving Test.

As you may remember, unless you held a driving licence prior to April 1, 1934, you must go through a driving test before you can obtain one. The first step, therefore, is the

his motor car. Most of them are very simple. Perhaps the most difficult is that which demands that the person being tested shall drive the vehicle backwards and "whilst so doing enter a limited opening either to the right or to the left." In other words, you are required to be able to reverse with reasonable accuracy round corners.

Licensed.

Other tests are concerned with an emergency stop, which must be done at a pre-arranged signal from the tester, and with the Highway Code. The applicant must be thoroughly well up in the Highway Code for a good deal of store is set by his answers to questions on that subject. When the driving test has been passed—it will not take much more than half an hour to complete—a certificate of competence is given and from that moment there is

nothing except the payment of another fee between the applicant and his full licence. The "L" plates, which must be carried at the front and back of the car during the training period, can now be removed and the licence can be renewed year by year without further tests.

I should mention only one thing more about this side, and



TOURING WITH A ROVER "SIXTEEN" SALOON

The latest model from the factory of this old-established firm is seen with a delightful group of old English cottages in the Cotswolds



THE ALVIS TYPE II "TWELVE/SEVENTY" SALOON

The new Alvis cars are even more of a joy to drive than ever, and their road-holding qualities have to be experienced to be believed

obtaining of a *provisional* licence which, under certain conditions, will allow you to go through your training. The form for getting this is obtained from the post office. It includes a declaration of physical fitness. The provisional licence, which costs five shillings, permits the holder to drive "when under the supervision of a person who has held a driving licence for at least two years who, except in the case of a motor cycle or invalid carriage, shall be present in the vehicle with the holder."

This remains in force for three months and the "L" plates go with it, but the holder can apply for his driving test as soon as he is ready. The form indicates where to apply and the test itself is then arranged. I cannot give here all the things the applicant must prove himself capable of doing with

that is that, if a friend's car is being used for learning, it is worth making sure that the insurance for it is not one of those that is confined to the holder of the policy only driving. The driving licence used to have to be carried on the person, but it may now be left at home provided it is produced if required by the police within five days.

Car Licence.

The obtaining of the car licence is a different and much more expensive business, for this is where the fifteen shillings per horsepower tax comes in. Again, the starting point is the post office where the necessary form can be obtained. A registration book goes with the car licence. This was intended as a protection against theft; but, in fact, it has had no effect in that direction and it remains as a piece of unnecessary

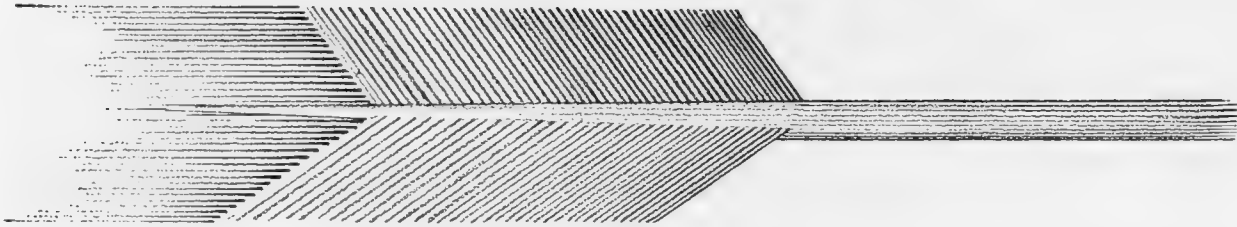
(Continued on page xxii)



THE STANDARD "TWELVE" IN FRONT OF MONTACUTE HOUSE, NR. YEOVIL, SOMERSET

A very fitting background for such a famous car. This is the latest model of a very big range that this firm produces

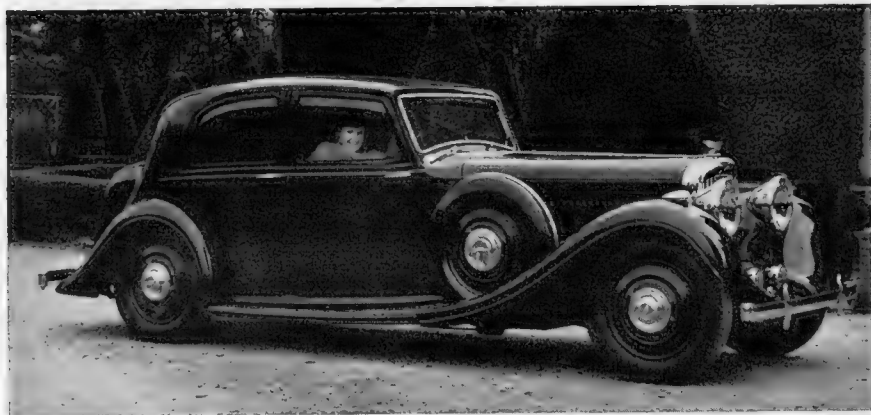
GO



Advice of prominent car manufacturers for 1939 is "Go—don't wait to warm up. Drive straight off after starting." Reason is that nine out of ten new cars will have automatic chokes. They give quicker warming up, save cylinder wear. But they demand petrol equally quick on the up-take. Shell, 100% pure and fortified with "re-formed" petrol, is exceptionally volatile and perfectly suited to modern conditions.

SHELL FOR **GO** *FOR SHELL*

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL



A 4-LITRE BENTLEY WITH A THRUPP AND MABERLY SPORTS SALOON BODY

This is one of the smartest bodies made by the renowned firm of coachbuilders whose name is always coupled with smart *carrosserie*

sweeping movements with the flexible, sensitive thumb. Leave nothing to chance. Miles don't count in spring.

Then begin at the other end and delicately etch a wandering path from Bucharest to Venice, returning to Gairloch by way of the Cevennes, the wine country, Tim Healy's Pass, Achill and the English Lakes. That is not nearly all, but 'twill serve to get your ideas into focus. Leave all the petty stuff for summertime, the long weekend in Devonshire, the genteel promenade in the Dukeries, the quiet tour in Kent. By the time you have grasped the essential fact that with your old, your new or your new-old car, the world from Dingle Bay to the Black Sea, the Spey to the Tiber, the Grampians to the Pyrenees, is simply waiting for you, you will have waked again from the coma of winter and perceived with new clarity what spring really means. It is new life, new adventures, new hope. Hope? Of course. I will here and now bet the Ostrimachs that by the time there is fifteen hours' driving light you will be able to drive your spring car to Gibraltar.

With that best of all pictures on the wall in front of you, and with a few dozen large-scale maps all round you within arm's reach at any moment, exercise that vivid imagination which has lain in frozen sleep since the skies grew dark, days dwindled instead of lengthening

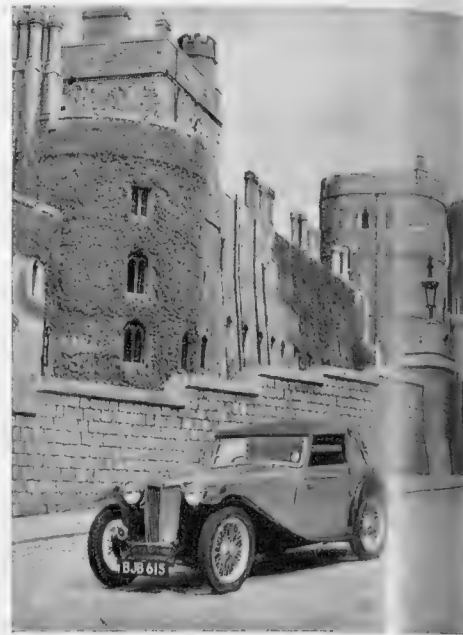
sey or Stirling is as new as ever, the mere crossing to Calais the unforgettable beginning of more adventures than you could think up in a week or more.

They used to say in the days when they simply didn't know what war was, that there would be trouble in the Balkans in the spring. There won't be any for you—so scratch the Machosts off your visiting list and go at once to the garage. J.P.

This Freedom—(Continued from page x)

and the bitter northern cold ate into your soul. They say that the days of proper touring are over, that the roads are too crowded, the world grown too small. Picture postcards have brought all the fine and far places to your breakfast table, far too many people do it. "Look at the thousands who cross the Channel with their cars every year," they say, "and stay at home."

Let 'em. For people with minds like that their homes are undoubtedly the safest place. For you in this new springtime with your new or re-newed car, the first drive to Angle-



AN M.G. "MIDGET" DROPHEAD COUPE

Photographed with that lovely place Windsor Castle in the background. Despite this car's small size, there is nothing small about its performance, for it can hold its own with cars of double the horse-power.

Luxury MOTORING



Your local Vauxhall Dealer will be pleased to arrange a demonstration. Catalogues on request from Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton.

7-str. Luxury Limousines, on the "25" long chassis, Grosvenor coachwork, prices from £555 to £630.



in EVERYTHING but COST

SURPRISING — is it not? — that some motorists buy cars that are expensive because they are expensive. Yet many more, shrewd judges of motoring comfort and performance, who can afford to pay four figures prefer to buy a Vauxhall '25' at £345. For it has refinements such as few other cars possess whatever you may pay.

A safe 80 m.p.h.—fine acceleration—stability at all speeds—luxurious, soft upholstery—built-in heater— independent suspension—controlled synchromesh . . . these are a few points.

Remembering too, that the Vauxhall '25' is extremely roomy, and remarkably good to look at, one might well believe that the difference in motoring between a car costing £345 and, (say) £1,000 is largely one of purse-pride.

THE VAUXHALL "25" Luxury Saloon ... £345



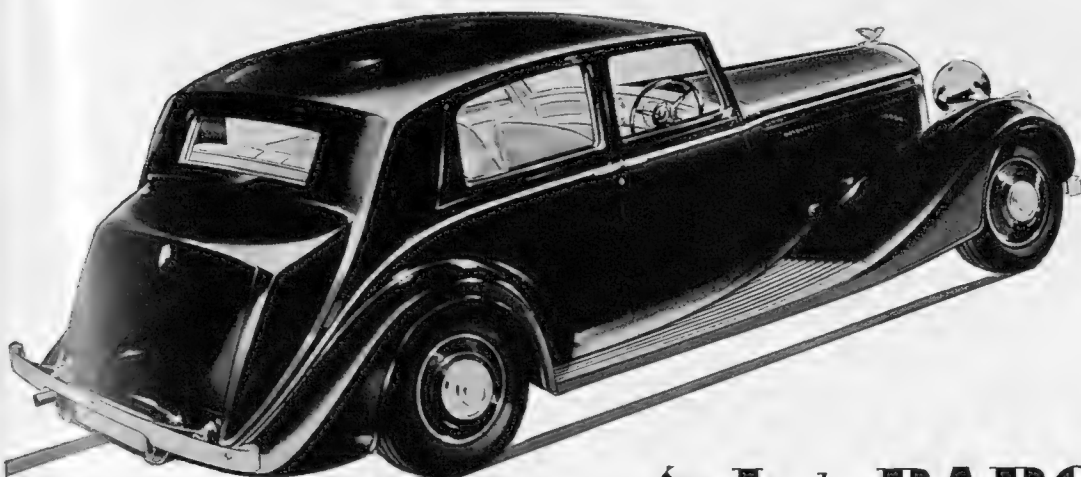
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The Silent Sports Car

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BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

All Steel Pillarless Saloon

A NOTABLE BARCLAY DESIGN FOR BENTLEY



This All-Steel Pillarless Saloon design is particularly well suited to a Bentley. The absence of any centre pillar between the doors makes entry and exit exceptionally easy; at the same time the All-Steel construction ensures absolute rigidity and a maximum safety factor.

Coachwork like this, uniting beauty with comfort, is especially characteristic of Jack Barclay designs, as will be seen by visiting their showrooms in Hanover Square. The display of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars there is the largest in London.

Jack BARCLAY Ltd.

12-13 ST. GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQ., LONDON, W.1

Opposite
St. George's Church



Telephone:
Mayfair 7441 (20 lines)

and at 20 Conduit Street, W.1



HERR HITLER ATTENDS THE BERLIN MOTOR SHOW BANQUET

The Chancellor is seen talking to guests at the banquet held at the Kaiserhof Hotel in honour of the 1939 Motor Show which he himself opened. It will be remembered that Herr Hitler recently announced that a car would shortly be on the market which would sell for something in the region of £50 in Germany

Reduced Types.

Herr Hitler, with that delightful disregard for vested interests which is one of his sources of strength, suggested the other day—at the Berlin show opening, I think—that the number of different types of motor car must be drastically reduced in order to obtain more economical series production. A question embodying a similar idea was asked in the English House of Commons not more than three or four weeks ago. I should hate to advocate that reduction because if I did I might have manufacturers falling upon me like a ton of bricks, but it may perhaps be permissible to ask manufacturers to consider it. Have we got too many different types of motor car? That is the question they should consider. And they should consider it not only because of the adverse effects of multiplicity of types upon economical series production, but also—and here is something that has not perhaps received the attention it deserves—because of its adverse effect upon sales.

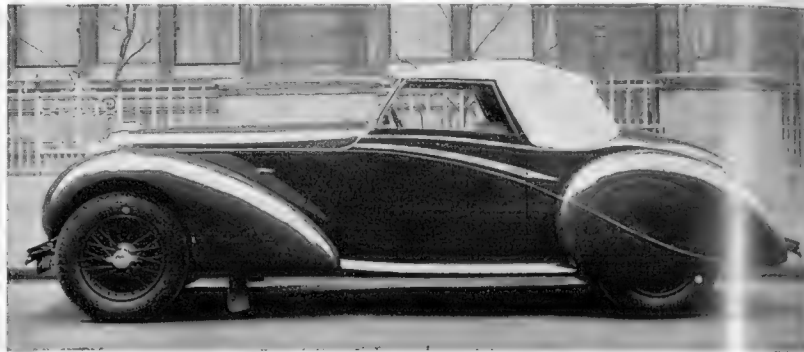
Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page xii)

But while motor car models extend through every conceivable size and type, each size and type being repeated with minor variations by innumerable different makers, it is hardly possible to canalize the prospective purchaser's intentions very readily. Nor do I believe there is any real satisfaction to be had simply because one buyer can get a car which differs very slightly from that which another buyer gets. As I say I am not definitely advocating a reduction in types, I am merely suggesting that it is a thing which our manufacturers would do well to examine.

* * *

Bentleying.

There has been more Bentleying, this time at Montlhéry, near Paris. A 4½-litre car, officially observed by the Auto Club de France, covered 107.418 miles during the hour with a flying start. The car was a four-seater complete with spare wheel, tools, radio and ordinary general equipment. During the run the fastest lap was 109.2 m.p.h., but later on a special fast lap was done at 110.043 m.p.h. No doubt about it the Bentley has proved not only that it is capable of attaining high speeds, but also that it can keep them up for long periods.



A 12-CYLINDER LAGONDA "RAPIDE" COUPE

This very elegant car was built to the order of Captain J. E. P. Howey, of Littlestone, Kent, and supplied by Messrs. Jack Barclay Ltd., of 12/13 St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1



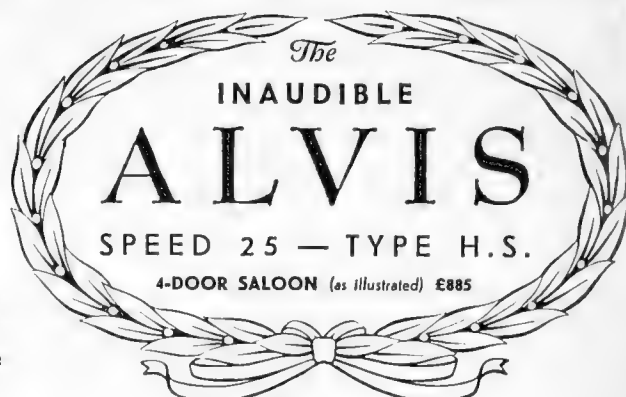
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A chassis bristling with patented features—recognized as a masterpiece of scientific automobile engineering.

The most advanced and perfected form of independent front wheel springing and steering, and an all-silent all synchro-mesh gear box, admitted the best in the world.

Impeccable and lasting high speed performance and body-work which exemplifies the finest of British coach craftsmanship. There are other cars, but none so good as the inaudible ALVIS.

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Chevrolet. The highest Standard of Performance. The Lowest possible Price.
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A postcard to General Motors, Southampton, will bring you full details and the address of your Local Dealer.

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A FORD V8 "THIRTY" SALOON IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

If this car had been in existence in the times of the distinguished personage on the top of the famous column, the odds are that he would have had one. It seats six in luxury, with plenty of room for luggage and other impedimenta

documentation to delight the bureaucrats and annoy everybody else.

It is not necessary for me to go into details about the car licence or the provision of the number plates, because the best people to deal with these matters are the retailers from whom the car is bought. They are so familiar with the routine that they can get the whole thing done with great rapidity.

* * *

Use the Car.

Finally, when once you have got the car and learned to drive, use the car. Try to go everywhere in it and you will find that the more you use it, the better you like motoring and the less you like other kinds of transport. Use it for



MR. T. C. JOHN

The Chairman and Managing Director of Alvis Ltd., Coventry, who at the recent Annual Staff Dinner referred to the first appearance over Coventry of an Alvis aero engine—the Leonides 9-cylinder—which has so successfully passed all its tests

A Good Start for 1939 Motoring—(Cont. from page xvi)

shopping, going to the theatre, the restaurant, touring, visiting friends in the country. Do not be put off by the scare stories about the accidents rate or the traffic congestion. There are far too many accidents, but the careful driver is able to a large extent to ensure his own safety. And as for congestion, it occurs and is serious; but it is limited to certain times and certain roads. So it is easy to avoid. In spite of everything; in spite of heavy taxes, too many regulations and bad roads, motoring still remains the pleasantest way of getting about.



THE NEW WOLSELEY "TEN"

The robust 4-cylinder o.h.v. engine develops 40 b.h.p., and is mounted well forward on the sturdy cross-braced chassis. Low petrol consumption, elegance and comfort are the leading notes

Earl Howe
with his Twelve Cylinder Lagonda Saloon (10' 4" w.b. chassis)

THE SUPREME CAR OF THIS GENERATION

LAGONDA

W. O. BENTLEY'S MASTERPIECE

Lagonda Owners Speak . . . "I have had the car in my possession for a considerable time and it has responded to every call which I have made upon it in the most remarkable way. This car, of remarkably generous dimensions, has a top speed on Continental roads of about 109/110 m.p.h. and it cruises along very comfortably at 90 m.p.h. Its road holding on open bends and corners is quite remarkable; the steering is delightful; and the suspension is as good as any car that I have ever used."

(Signed) Earl Howe



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INNOXA
VITORMONE
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brings youth back to
the fading skin and
prevents lines coming.

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YOUNG PEOPLE ENVY HER SUCH BEAUTY

Innox will never allow her to age

And *your* skin need never age . . . if you use Innox right. Are you using Complexion Milk? You should be, whoever you are, and however old you are. Nothing in the whole world cleanses the skin so safely, or so deeply, as Innox Complexion Milk. And if your looks are fading, you have only yourself to blame, for Vitormone Cream would not allow your skin to age. And all those other troubles that

women write to us about, the greasy skin, and the dry skin and the so-called mixed skin, they need never have happened and when they do happen we put them right. Even our powders, our rouges and our lipsticks, in all their lovely natural colours are true skin specifics. It is the dream of every woman to hold the loveliness of youth all through her life, and Innox can make that dream come true for *you*.

Innox



The loveliness that runs in families

Complexion Milk 6/6, 3/6. Powder (15 shades), 7/6, 3/6.

FREE The truest, most exciting, most romantic book on beauty ever written. Send for it to Innox Salon, 38 Old Bond Street, W.1

Entirely Exclusive



Three-piece suit comprising jacket coat and skirt of lightweight basket weave tweed, and practical overcoat in a dashing chessboard check with large pockets and wide revers. **21** Gns.
 Made to order complete
 Suit alone 10½ Gns.

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Original French model cape and
muff of chinchilla dyed white fur

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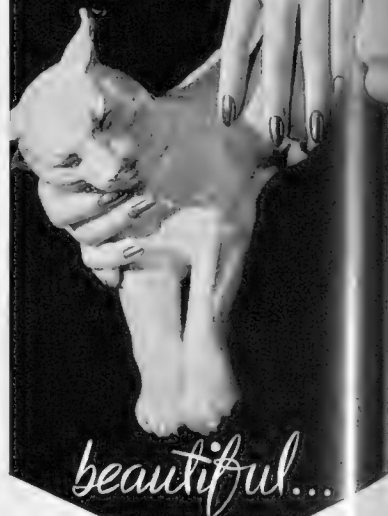
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'Fils du Ciel' . . . is a challenge to Spring—hauntingly chic, utterly charming. A moulded gold metal cone, surrounded by delicately draped marron Frisette Crêpe that ends in a scarf-like veil. From the Hat Shop for 3½ Gns.

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in the
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tradition



designed on classical lines, this perfectly cut tailor-made brings a new and colourful note into spring with its plain-toned skirt that matches the velvet collar of the shepherd's plaid jacket. In all-wool suiting, man-tailored to measure ... **6½ gns.**

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the new spring collection is now being shown—call at the bond street showrooms—or write or 'phone for the fashion portfolio and details of credit facilities reference tx. 37.

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BRONNLEY, LONDON

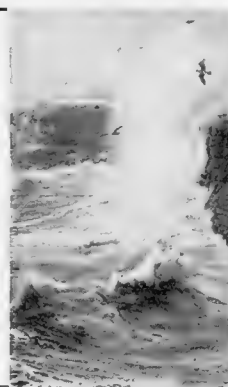
THE TANG OF THE SEA... AND A TONIC FROM THE SUN IN BEAUTY'S MOST REFRESHING BATH.

There's a tang, there's an out-of-doors freshness, there's a clinging fragrance in this most exciting of all bath salts. Nothing quite like it has ever been sold in England before—you'll love the luxury of its exhilarating freshness. Luma takes the tiredness out of weary limbs, it renders the water beautifully soft and leaves your skin satin-smooth. Its regular use incidentally prevents the onset of rheumatism.

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5 CONDUIT STREET, W.1.

SATINBASE CREATES SENSATION

Women demand bottles before labels are printed

FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT

WHEN Peggy Sage, the famous cosmopolitan manicurist, writes our New York Correspondent, launched her new nail polish foundation, SATINBASE, there was almost a riot in the New York salon. Women who had seen how smoothly the polish flowed over this transparent foundation demanded the Salon bottles at once, before labels had been printed. It is a revolution. Just as marked an event in cosmetic history as the day when a woman put on powder over a foundation. To-day, a woman would not think of make-up without direct to the face. To-day, she will flinch at the very idea of nail polish applied direct to the nails. For Satinbase, Peggy Sage's new polish foundation, provides a surface onto which the polish can flow, and into which the polish can get a grip. At the same time Satinbase protects the delicate surfaces of the nail and actually lengthens them. And, while it is

doing this job of protection, while it is holding your polish in a lasting embrace, it is also preventing the polish from chipping and cracking. It is giving you the long, firm, lustrous and flake-proof nails that you have so long desired.

WHAT SATINBASE IS

Peggy Sage experimented and tested for months before Satinbase was perfected. It is a colourless, transparent liquid that contains a percentage of wax. You will recognise Satinbase at once at your nearest store or chemist, in its elegant, cone-capped bottle.

HOW TO USE SATINBASE

You simply brush a fine coat of Satinbase onto the nails *before* you apply polish. You will be amazed how easily the polish flows over this creamy, waxen foundation, and what a smooth, 'professional-manicurist' effect you achieve. Many well-known women are finding that an *extra* coat of Satinbase, brushed on *after* polish has been applied, even further prolongs the life of the polish.

HOW TO OBTAIN SATINBASE

Satinbase is now obtainable in England at all high class toilet counters. And with Satinbase, you can buy a supply of those other cone-capped, elegant bottles — Peggy Sage's famous, rich-coloured, long-lasting polishes. And you must see (and try) Peggy Sage's hand-creams and lotions. They have made the hands of a cosmopolitan generation famous for their beauty.



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Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist

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Hip sizes 44 ins. to 52 ins. **6½ gns**

Clothes for the Fuller Figure: Third Floor

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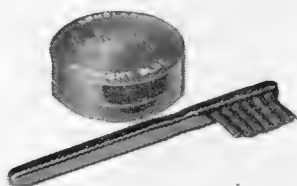
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'LALEEK' LONGLASH

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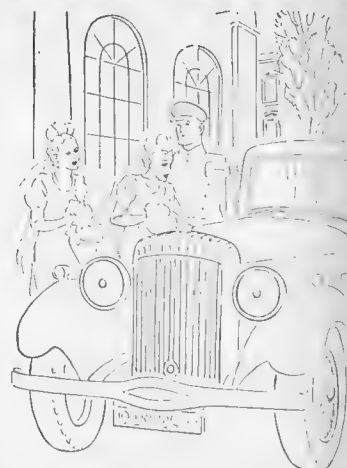
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MADE IN ENGLAND
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 stools are high
 ...skirts are
 briefer and briefer these
 days ... and no matter how
 gracefully you perch your-
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 Of course, the occasion
 demands "Leda" — and
 the confidence of a sheer,
 gossamer beauty that is
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Leda "B." Exquisite, fine-gauge silk stocking for late afternoon and evening wear ... a triumph of perfect styling ... flawless and exquisite. Toned for Spring in Rose-beige, Honey-beige, Javatan, Sunbright, Peach, Rositan, Dixitan, Peachblo, Gunmetal, or New Grey. Sizes 8½ to 10½. Pair 6/11 3 Pairs 20/-

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SUPERFLUOUS
HAIR — and it
will never return**

As the young wife of an officer in India I suffered for many years from the torture of mind that accompanies a hideous growth of ugly, unwanted hair. I grew a moustache, almost a beard, and so awful did it look that I had to wear a veil continuously. I tried all kinds of "cures," but none of them gave me more than a few days' relief. Life was sheer misery. Then, just as I had come to the stage of hopeless despair, a "miracle" happened. My husband saved a poor Hindoo soldier from death. In gratitude he revealed to his rescuer the precious guarded secret which keeps Hindoo women free from any trace of superfluous hair. In desperation I gave it a trial. Ever since that time—now years ago—I have not seen even a sign of superfluous hair either on my face or body. I watched daily for months, expecting the effects of this remedy to be merely temporary, as with the others. But the glad fact is that my cure has been permanent, and

as you will see from my photograph my clear, unblemished skin, you can hardly believe that I suffered so much in those dreadful years. If you suffer from unsightly, superfluous hair let me help you as I have helped scores of other women since I myself was cured. Post this coupon, or a copy of it, with your name and address, and I will gladly send you this secret—free. Please enclose three penny stamps for my outlay on postage, etc., and state whether Mrs. or Miss. Address: Frederica Hudson (Hall 57 Z), No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, W.1

THIS FREE COUPON or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps. Mrs. HUDSON, please send me free your full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: Frederica Hudson (Hall 57 Z), No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

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She's both a lovely and a lucky lady! For is she not beautifully garbed in a charming coat whose every line proclaims SPRING 1939! A Hershelle model, of course, from the new collection. In soft plaid tweed, with cleverly-cut and highly becoming hood

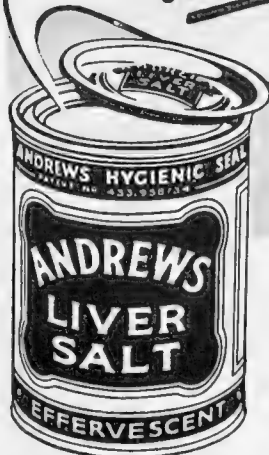
HERSHELLE models are sold by the better shops and stores everywhere. For the name of your nearest retailer write to H. Bernstein Ltd., Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

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feel that way.

If you keep it on hand you will always feel grand
For it gives INNER CLEANLINESS—
Keeps you O.K.

You'll never feel livery, run down or dithery,
But healthy, carefree and gay

Just a glass, effervescing, is life's greatest blessing,
Take ANDREWS and bubble with
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When days are cold try
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with the chill off

4 ozs 9d - - - 8 ozs 1/4

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'Snap' regd. In all popular shades. 23/-. 28/6 and 35/-.



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'... the fawn and grey rock of the mountain side with its snow-clad tops is suffused with a sudden pink radiance as the morning sun streams through the clouds that hover eternally about the peaks.'

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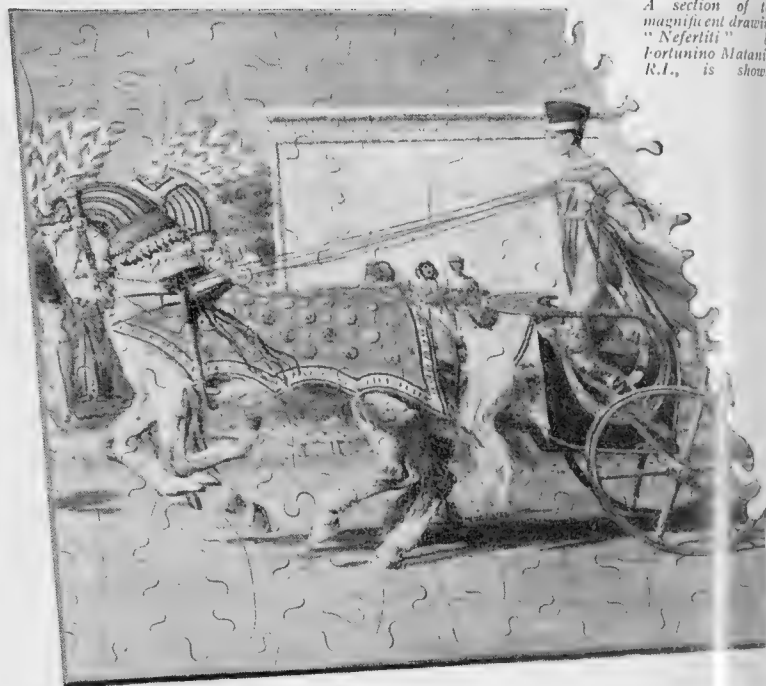
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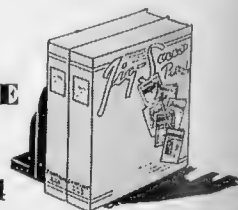
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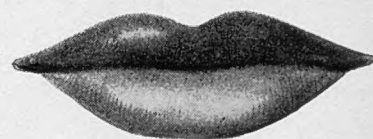
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Lips by Lenthéric

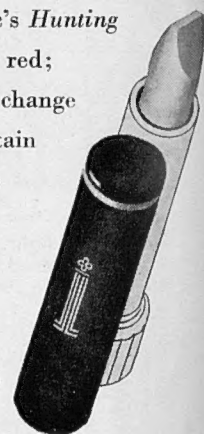


**Miss Penelope Dudley Ward wears
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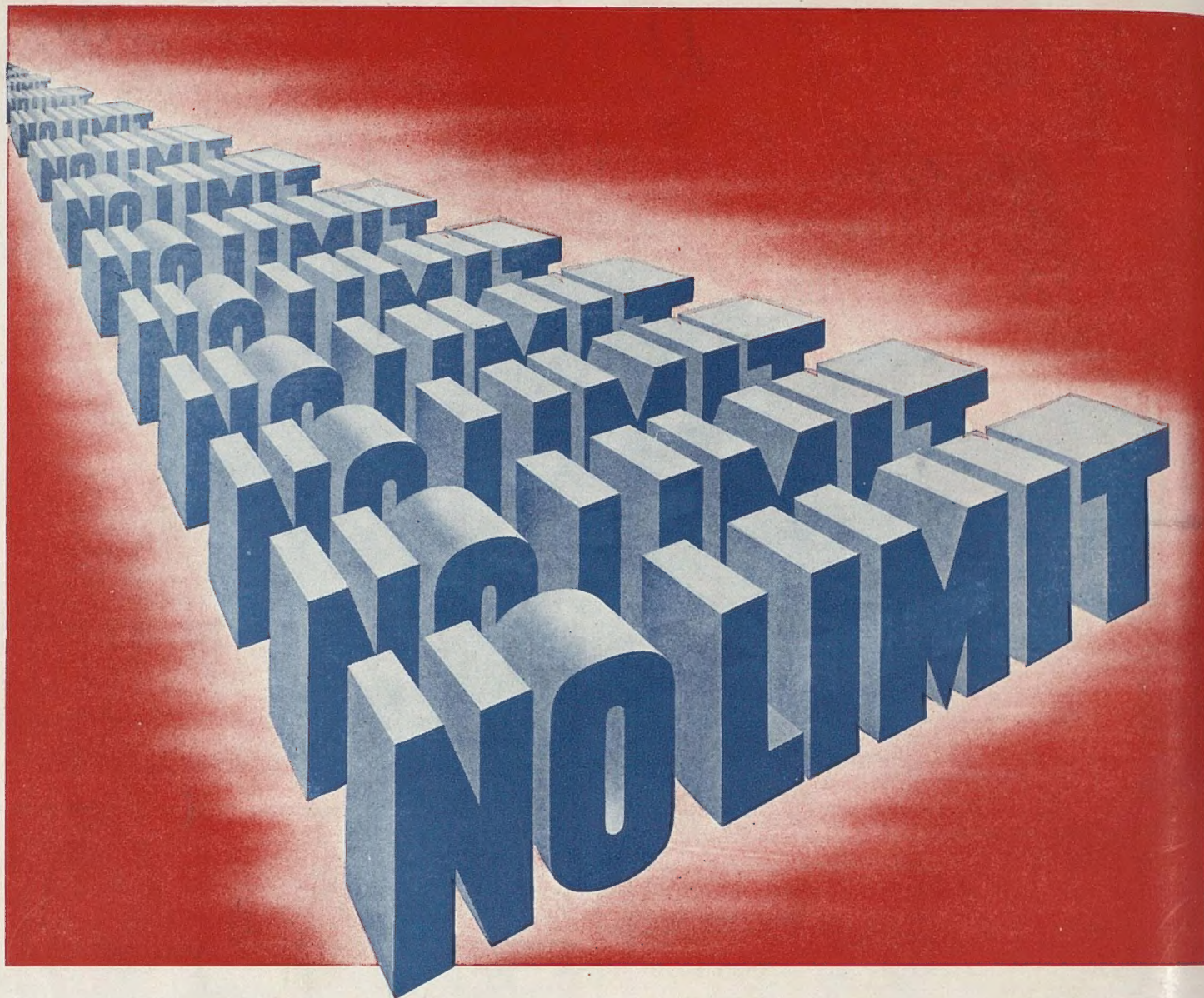
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